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THE FENIAN "GUNPOWDER TREASON."

England continues to be terribly excited and frightened over her new and very much enlarged version of the **Guy Fawkes** gunpowder-plot, and the English press seems to think there *is* reason

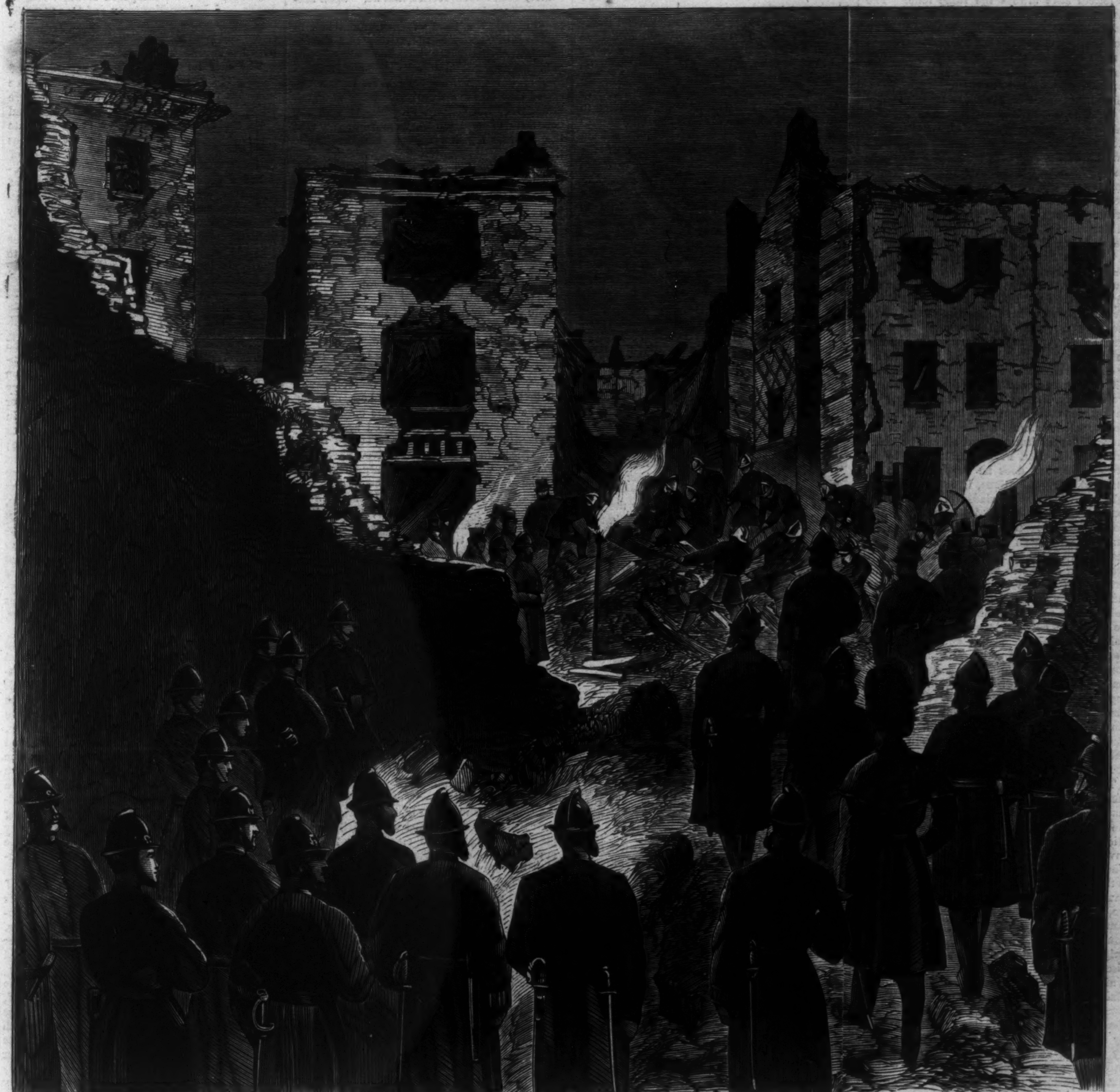
> "Why gunpowder treason
> And Guy Fawkes plot
> Should not be forgot."

England has not had for many years so thorough an excitement as has resulted from the explosions at the Clerkenwell prison, at Millbank, and at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and other places noticed in our former issues. Subsequently a powder mill at Faversham, near London, was blown up, and as the cause of the disaster, like that at Newcastle, was unknown it was at once attributed, like the other, to the Fenians. After using the general post-offices of the kingdom to distribute their destructive torpedoes, which however failed to kill any one, the Fenians are now reported as endeavoring to destroy the post-offices by means of Greek fire—another decided failure. No further explosions than those named have occurred; but a number of mysterious Fenians are reported to have attacked and carried a Martello tower near Cork, and carried off a large supply of arms.

Our previous reports have been entirely by telegraph, and have been very unsatisfactory. We are now beginning to receive the illustrated accounts of the several explosions which occurred. We give on this page an illustration of the first of the explosions, that at Clerkenwell prison, in which **Richard Burke** and **Joseph Casey** were confined. Our illustration shows the ruin of the prison wall immediately after the occurrence of the explosion, with the police in possession engaged in guarding the breach in the wall and in removing the rubbish.

The effect of the explosion was to blow in a triangular section of the prison wall of about 20 feet at the base by 60 feet or 70 feet at the summit; to utterly destroy the house immediately opposite, burying all within it under the ruins; to demolish a great part of many other houses right and left and immediately in the rear, wounding fifty of the inhabitants; and to fill the whole lane with heaps of bricks from the prison wall.

Desmond and **Allen**, who were arrested charged with placing and firing the barrel of gunpowder, were examined in London on January 3, and the evidence was by no means satisfactory or conclusive of their guilt. The examination



RUINS OF THE WALL OF CLERKENWELL PRISON, LONDON, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

was adjourned, but so strong was the feeling against the Fenians that, although nothing was proven against them, the prisoners were not discharged.

The head-quarters of the Fenians, in Paris, France, were lately seized by the French police. A large quantity of letters and documents, revealing the plans of the organization for the destruction of the British fleet in the Channel, were secured. Lord Strathnairn, the commander-in-chief of the British army in Ireland, was in extraordinary activity against a Fenian movement. His precautions were mainly directed to the counties of the south and the west coast of the island, where a revolutionary "landing" was looked for. On January 3 a body of daring Fenians entered the magazine at Cork and carried away half a ton of powder before the eyes of the astonished guards. In view of the disrupted state of Ireland the clergy of the city of Limerick have signed a document declaring that there can be no permanent peace in Ireland unless it is treated as Hungary has lately been by Austria. It will hardly be gratifying to England to have Austria held up as a model for her.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 18, 1868.

THE POLITICAL ISSUE OF 1868.

From time to time there is a Convention held in some part of the Southern States by the late political leaders in that section, and once or twice a month a letter is published from some one of the same leaders. The resolutions of the Conventions and the counsel of the letters have always the same tone. The constitutions now forming for the Southern States must be rejected. The present plan of reconstruction must be defeated; and the friends of the Conventions and of the letter-writers must wait patiently for a return of their old ascendency, which is sure to come.

The latest letter was written upon the day before Christmas by Benjamin Fitzpatrick of Alabama. It is decorous and temperate in tone; and, like all the letters and resolutions of which we have spoken, it presents the situation very plainly, not indeed in the manner contemplated by the writer, but none the less completely. "We want peace," writes Mr. Fitzpatrick, "but not degradation; we wish to be left free to act for ourselves, and free from the intermeddling of those who do not live among us, but come here to foment discord and speculate upon our troubles." Who are the "we" of whom Mr. Fitzpatrick speaks? Who are they who wish to be left free to act for themselves? They are not the people of the State. They are not the loyal citizens. They are merely the old white, dominant class. These are the "we" who wish to be left free to act for themselves, and also for the rest of the population, in some cases more than the half. Therefore, says Mr. Fitzpatrick, and logically, "let the people vote down this constitution and adopt another more in accordance with the genius of our institutions, and all will be well." Now what does Mr. Fitzpatrick mean by the people, and what does he suppose to be the genius of our institutions, if it be not equal rights? And in what clause in the Constitution lately adopted by the Alabama Convention does he find any thing inconsistent with the genius of republican institutions? It guarantees full and equal liberty of personal and civil rights; and admits to the suffrage every male person of a certain birth, naturalization, age, and residence, and disfranchises only those who violated the rules of civilized warfare during the rebellion; convicted traitors and other criminals; idiots and the insane; and those who are disqualified by the proposed Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and by the Reconstruction law, a disqualification which the Legislature may remove. Any disfranchisement whatever may be injudicious, but can a constitution in which these are the sole disqualifications be repugnant to a man who is sincerely friendly to "the genius of our institutions?"

The melancholy truth is that Mr. Fitzpatrick, and all those for whom he speaks, think that the genius of our institutions requires that the late rebels should be recognized as the political class at the South, and that they should have exclusive control of the local governments. Under every moderate and careful phrase this is the simple meaning. "We," says Mr. Fitzpatrick, meaning the citizens who rebelled, we, and we only, must reorganize these States. And he indicates exactly the issue to which the country is now brought. The Presidential campaign which is now opening will answer precisely that question. It will decide that the Union shall be reorganized as those who have maintained it shall prefer, or as those who sought its destruction and are now subdued shall determine. This issue may be obscured by financial difficulties. It may be perplexed by the folly of the dominant party. But nothing can now conceal the fact that there are but two parties in the country, and one paramount subject, namely, reconstruction. One of these parties, the Republican, insists that the whole body of the people of the Southern States, with the exceptions we have mentioned, shall be consulted in the formation of the new governments of those States. The other party, the Democratic, insists that a certain limited class, mainly composed of the late rebels, and to which all the present disaffected citizens adhere, shall have the exclusive power of reorganization.

The situation is simple. The issue is plain. It will be decided according to the general judgment of the greater or less disadvantages of the two plans. That of the Republican party, which is now developing itself, has the undoubted disadvantage of admitting to the suffrage large numbers of uneducated persons. But this is counterbalanced by the inexpressible benefit of securing an actual majority or imposing minority of voters instinctively loyal to the national government, and therefore of establishing a state system in sympathy with it; while the actual conduct of the new voters, at the polls and in the Convention, justifies the confidence which was necessarily placed in them. For, it must be remembered, there were but three courses possible. When the war ended, and left the rebel States without civil governments, the United States might have governed them as Territories, or it might have authorized the white population under certain conditions to reorganize the States; or it might have invited the whole body of the people to reorganize them. These were the three methods. The first was felt to be impracticable. Probably it would have been the wiser way; but the country would not wait. It then became a question between the other two methods. The President, without the least authority, and stepping entirely out of his sphere of duty, insisted upon the second. Congress adopted the third.

An educative qualification for the suffrage, which was urged as impartial and reasonable, was necessarily rejected in the abnormal situation of affairs. If the States could have been retained for some years as Territories merely, and the education of the whole population vigorously prosecuted in the mean while, this qualification might have been wisely introduced. But to have adopted it without sufficient delay to give the poor whites and the freedmen a chance to acquire the qualification would have been simply to intrust the reorganization of the States to the class that rebelled, and to which the present disaffected population belongs. Experience is proving, we think, and will yet more conclusively show, that the risk involved in the Congressional plan was, under the circumstances, wisely taken. It was well said a few months since by Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the *Fortnightly Review*, that "What is wanted in the mass who vote is the desire for the right result, freedom from selfish motive and willingness to trust in wise guidance......Very plain men know who wish them well and the sort of thing which will bring them good. Electors have not got to govern the country, they have only to find a set of men who will see that the Government is just and active. They are so ignorant, says one—more ignorant as electors than certain members are as legislators?" General education in the Southern States will be immensely advanced by general suffrage. And with whatever faults of detail we are very sure that the system of reconstruction which was adopted was, upon the whole, the best that the circumstances allowed.

Evidently it must be continued, or the work must begin again. We can not think that any sincere friend of the country, any man who with Mr. Fitzpatrick "wants peace," or who understands the conditions of national progress and prosperity, will wish again to plunge the Southern States into the chaos from which they are now beginning to emerge, by attempting the disfranchisement of the new voters, and intrusting those States and all their interests and population to the exclusive authority of disaffected citizens. We do not use the word harshly, nor with the least unkind intention. We speak of those who believed and believe that secession is a constitutional right, and that slavery is the true corner-stone of a free government. Those who hold these opinions are necessarily disaffected to this government, and such persons are the great majority of the white population in the Southern States. Of course, liberty can not be safe in their hands, and no Union can be peaceful in which they control a large group of States. Our American principles, therefore, our patriotism, our prosperity, and our peace, alike demand that we do not abandon the work upon which we have entered; while common-sense requires that we prosecute it as dispassionately and wisely as we do firmly and confidently. It is this issue which the election will decide, and General Grant will undoubtedly lead those who intend to fight it out upon the line already indicated.

THE POWER OF THE STATE OVER THE CITY.

What powers does the State possess over the city of New York? Plainly, the charter of the city must be deemed a part of the political machinery of the State; and in all matters of general public concern the charter is subject to alteration by the Legislature. This view has prevailed from the very beginning. The first charters issued were granted by the Dutch to the city under the title of Schout Burgomasters and Schephens of New Amsterdam. To these succeeded the English charters: from Governor Nicolls, in 1665; from Governor Dongan, under James II., in 1686; from Governor Cornbury, under Queen Anne, and the Montgomery Charter, under George II., in 1730. The English charters were confirmed by an act of the Colonial Legislature in 1732, of which act all judges and persons were to take notice "as if it were a public act of the Assembly relating to the whole Colony." On the adoption by New York of the Constitution of 1777, it was provided that nothing contained in it should be deemed to *annul* any charters to bodies politic or corporate; which clause was repeated in the Constitutions of 1821 and 1846.

To these charters amendments of the most important character were made, from time to time, by the Legislature; sometimes with, but more frequently without, the application or consent of the Corporation. And an amended charter was passed by the Legislature in 1830 substantially conforming to one which had the year before been adopted by a convention of the people of the city, which contained a provision that "such parts of the charter of the city of New York, and of the several acts of the Legislature of the State of New York amending the same, as are not inconsistent with the provisions of this law, shall not be considered as repealed, modified, or in any manner affected thereby," etc.; which last-mentioned charter has also been frequently amended, without consent of the Corporation. This is, in substance, a history of the whole matter.

After the capitulation by the Dutch to the English force, Governor Nicolls, in the new charter then issued, recited that he, "upon mature deliberation and advice, found it necessary to discharge the form of government late in practice of Schout Burgomasters and Schephens"......"as not known or customary in any of his majesty's dominions." And on the adoption of our Constitution, in 1777, it was declared that all laws then in force for the government of the Colony, inconsistent with the new form of government, were void, and that the supreme legislative power had reverted to the people.

An examination of the Dongan and Montgomery charters will show that they contained various provisions inconsistent with our American system, which provisions could not be repealed by the Legislature if the doctrine contended for by many were sound, that the Charter can not be touched except with the consent of the city. Authority was given to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty out of native born or naturalized or denizated subjects to create free citizens, to whom the monopoly of trade within the city was given; and it was declared that "no person or persons, other than such free citizens, shall hereafter use any trade, mystery, or manual occupation within the city limits, liberties, and precincts thereof, saving in the time of fairs there to be kept, and during the continuance of such fairs only." Citizens thus formed were protected against jury service, or service in certain specified official capacities outside of the city of New York; and it was also declared in the Montgomery Charter that the city should "be, and from thenceforth and forever hereafter shall remain, *a free city of itself*." These provisions, which will be recognized as among those which had their origin in feudal times, have not been in terms abrogated, but have become obsolete from *non user* as not in harmony with the system of government which our Revolution established. As late, however, as 1836, Chancellor Kent, in his Notes on the Charter (p. 172), expressed the opinion that if such resident of the city were required under the State laws then in force to serve *out of the city*, either as a juror, or on an inquest, or as tax assessor or collector, or as a constable, bailiff, or other ministerial officer, he could, under the protection of those ancient provisions, and of the restriction in the United States Constitution forbidding any State laws impairing the obligation of contracts, protect himself against such service.

The charter from English Governors did not give the city any right of representation either in the British Parliament, or in the Council of the Colony, or in the Colonial Legislature, and hence the city was armed with privileges and prerogatives considered essential to its existence as a free city. For some years after the charter from Governor Nicolls, what was called the Legislative power of the Colony was exercised by the Governor and Council. On the accession of James II. a Colonial Legislature was created in which New York city was represented in one House (the Assembly), but not in the upper, which was an appointed Senate, over whose joint legislative acts there were such restrictions that they amounted to but little more than a mere petition. On the adoption of the Constitution of the State in 1777, nine members of the Legislative Assembly out of seventy were awarded to the city of New York, and a corresponding representation in the Senate was also allowed; and although the charters then existing were saved by an express clause from being annulled (which they have never been), the State instantly after the termination of the war commenced the duty of conforming our local government, thus represented, to the general character of our system. The city of New York had not alone accomplished the Revolution. It now celebrates on the 25th of November of each year the evacuation of the British forces which occupied the city during almost the whole of the war; and there was no obligation on the part of the State to treat it as a free city, and no power on the part of the city to free itself of such legislation as the State might adopt in general and public matters. The people of the whole State, including those of the city, were melted into one mass by the results of the Revolution; and inasmuch as the city shared in the exercise of the supreme power of legislation thus created—whereby it might affect other cities—it became subject equally to that authority excepting that its Charter could not be annulled, and except also that all grants of land made to the city and of franchises coupled with a pecuniary interest, were protected from legislative interference.

In all other respects the Charter has been so changed that its original features can scarcely be distinguished in the powers now exercised. In 1832 a contest arose between two measurers of grain, one appointed by the city under the authority of the charter, the other appointed by the State under an act of the Legislature, passed without the consent of the Corporation. The Supreme Court held (Satterlee *vs.* Sutton) that "the grant to the Corporation to appoint measurers was a grant of political power, coupled with no interest save the fees as a compensation for measuring; and that the grant in question was not to be considered in the light of property, or intended as a source of revenue, and that the legislative act was valid." As the Court was then composed of Chief-Justice Jones, and Judges Hoffman and Oakley, distinguished ornaments of the Judiciary, the decision will be regarded as authority. The doctrine has never been overruled.

The acts for the creation by the State of Boards of Commissioners to regulate the police force and to protect the public health are, more especially, matters of a public character, and come more clearly within the scope of State legislation. No police force for the city was created by the English charters. The acts of March 2, 1798, and of March 21, 1800, established a police-office. Instead, therefore, of interfering with chartered provisions, the Legislature in creating the new Board was merely perfecting a system commenced by itself in accordance with that supreme power which the Constitution of 1777 asserted as belonging to the State at large, over the whole machinery of government within the State.

A LITTLE HISTORY.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since William F. Harnden and Alvan Adams announced to the good people of Boston and New York that they were prepared to carry parcels between the two cities, and to deliver them safely for a consideration. Even in those days there was competition. Harnden traveled by the Boston and Providence line; Adams by the Norwich and Worcester; it was a race between them. Their diligence was so far rewarded that they extended their lines to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, while other carriers, Henry Wells, William G. Fargo, William A. Livingston, John Butterfield, and others spread nets northward to the confines of Northwestern civilization, even to Buffalo. Thus began the express business of the United States, which now gives employment to nearly ten thousand people. It was an evil omen for the trade that its founder, William F. Harnden, died poor.

For some years each individual expressman carried on business on his own line, at his own risk, and for his sole benefit. But the advantages of association were soon manifest; rivals became partners; Adams swallowed up the heirs of Harnden, and himself submitted to be ruled by a younger rival; so, in course of time, the bulk of the private expresses crystallized into three great companies, the Adams, the American, and the United States. Of these the Adams had a capital of something over a million; the American three quarters of a million; the United States, it is believed, something less. These capitals represented—not money actually disbursed, and represented by tangible property, but mainly the good-will of each concern.

The ten years following the establishment of these companies were the Augustan age of the express business. All made money. Each enjoyed in its territory a monopoly of business. Quarterly dividends of five and even ten per cent. were not unknown, and stock changed hands at as high a premium as 400 per cent.

This prosperity was not wholly due to the skill with which the companies were managed, though the management was good. The true secret of their success was their affiliation with the directors and superintendents of all the leading railways in the country. No sooner was a new board of directors elected on any leading road than stock in the express company using the line was placed at their disposal. There were so many shares for the president, so many for the vice-president, so many for the directors, so many for the superintendent, and so many for the freight-masters. From their official cradle all these parties were bound by their own interests to serve the express company. And, as a matter of course, they did serve it. It soon became known to merchants that if they wanted their goods moved promptly and delivered punctually they must not send them as freight by rail, but must employ an express company. The latter, which, through the assistance of its good friends in the railway direction, could move freight by rail much cheaper than private individuals, would carry a case of goods from New York to Buffalo or St. Louis for very little more than the regular railway freight charge, and would deliver it several days sooner. If A. of Cincinnati ordered his goods from New York by rail, while his rival B. ordered his by express, A. had the pleasure of seeing his rival's goods arrive a week before the tardy railway freight made its appearance. It was the interest of every railway official in the country to compel shippers to employ the express companies. This was, of course, to the detriment of the railways; but it is only very lately that railway officials have had any interest in the roads they have controlled.

In those days express stocks were like Panama or first-class bank shares. They were hardly ever offered for sale. Occasionally somebody died or failed, and a whisper went round that he had "some Adams," whereupon coveys of rich men were attracted by the scent from miles around. To have "some Adams" was a guarantee of financial supereminence.

As might have been expected, the directors of the express companies could not resist the temptation of supplying so very pressing a demand. All being private companies, there was no legal limitation to the amount of stock which each might issue. They tried the market gently at first. A million of Adams was swallowed without overloading the financial stomach. Then another. And another. The American followed suit, and so did the United States. The market was fed with discreet hand, and an aggregate capital of some $2,500,000—mainly representing good-will, not property—was actually swelled to *nearly thirty millions*, of which *no less than ten millions* represented the Adams property alone. "How is it," said a recent traveler, "that I never meet a railway director who is worth less than a million?" He didn't understand the express mystery.

But darker days were coming. The owners of a good placer in Australia took the life of any man who found them out prematurely. The express placer was found out, but Messrs. DINSMORE & Co. had too much respect for the law to take the finder's life. He forthwith set up a rival company called the Bankers' Express. It flourished a while, then quietly subsided. Only the knowing ones were aware that the three great companies had bought off their rival by reimbursing all his outlay, and paying him a bonus of one hundred per cent.

So brilliant a success naturally led to imitations. The projectors of the Bankers' Express no sooner realized a hundred per cent. on that enterprise than they started the Merchants' Union with twenty millions capital. This interloper was resisted for over a year with sword and lance, on foot and on horse, in the cars and in the courts. But the new men knew their trade, and held fast. They paid up (or are said to have paid up, for these matters are misty) seven million dollars, and then the old companies came to terms, resigning to the Merchants' Union 29½ per cent. of the total express business of the country.

The victory thus won, the same men are now understood to be at work organizing a new rival—to be established in New England, and, of course, to be bought off like its predecessors.

But a new danger looms on the horizon. Men have arisen who believe that railroad stocks may be made something better than Wall Street shuttle-cocks, and who, elected directors of railways, actually undertake to administer their trust in the interest of their constituents. Commodore VANDERBILT no sooner obtained control of the Harlem and Hudson Roads than he canceled contracts with express companies, made them pay as much as other people, and undertook to carry freight for the public as promptly as they could. This was alarming, intolerable; so frightful, in fact, that the American Company actually bought forty or fifty thousand shares of New York Central for the purpose of electing a board of its own to control that road. It succeeded, and the new board fulfilled its destiny by making contracts with the express companies *for five years*. At the end of the year the new Board went out, and the terrible Commodore went in. What he will do remains to be seen. But there is a man who says that the Commodore doesn't think much of the five-years' contracts; that Mr. FARGO, as Vice-President of the Central, could make no valid contract with Mr. FARGO the expressman; and that some fine morning, in the gray dawn, the express freight will be "forgotten" at every station on the New York Central; that there is no reason why the railroads, or his roads at least, should not do their own express business, and still less why his stockholders should be mulcted to pay income on thirty-five millions of imaginary express capital. And there is another man who says the Commodore's views do not differ in the least from those which are likely to prevail on the roads running west from Toledo to the wilderness, and controlled by Mr. KEEP.

The Old Man of the Mountain hung on Sinbad's neck for a terrible time; but when the sailor did shake him off he finished him outright.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

SENATOR SPRAGUE, who can not be suspected of being a rancorous free-trader, says that "we have taxed out of existence interests which made us a prosperous people." And the Senator, who is one of the largest manufacturers of cotton cloth in the country, tarther says that it is a question whether cotton can now be called an existing interest! That is an astounding assertion, and is undoubtedly extravagant. Still we might endure the loss of cotton and the cotton trade. But if we heavily tax the intelligence of the country; if we impose vast burdens upon popular education; if we stop the printing-press, we shall have laid our destructive hands upon the very source of our national power and prosperity.

Intelligence is the corner-stone of a free government. Cheap literature is a vital necessity of our progress and welfare. Whatever, therefore, increases the prices of books and so diminishes the chances of their universal diffusion encourages popular ignorance; and the law that discriminates against the native author strikes at the native literature which, as the expression of our national life and character, is the most important of all. This is what our present laws do. They operate against our own highest interest. They discriminate against American literary industry; and a change is absolutely necessary to secure to citizens of the United States in their own country the same privileges that are guaranteed to Englishmen by the recent postal convention and secured to them by tariff regulations. At this moment printing paper (such as is used on *Harper's Weekly*), which may be considered a raw material, pays a duty of 35 per cent. *ad valorem;* while the same paper with the addition of the labor of press-work and binding, and made into a book, pays but 25 per cent. duty *ad valorem.* And not only is the raw material for the American publisher thus disproportionately taxed, but he is positively prohibited by law from sending by mail through the United States books above a certain weight, while similar *English* books are sent *free* to any point. Such simple facts reveal the curious thoughtlessness and ignorance with which the tariff is framed.

We are glad to say that the new postal convention with Great Britain establishes certain reduced rates of postage which will be gratefully accepted by the public. But it seems to have been concluded without reference to existing laws in this country, and therefore inflicts a very great injury upon American trade and enterprise. Indeed, in some respects, the postal convention seems to have been made in the especial interest of English publishers. The new convention provides that the postage on all book-packets sent between the two countries shall be at the rate of six cents for every four ounces; that the packages may be two feet in length, and one foot in width or depth; and that such matter shall be delivered at its destination free of charge. A printed invoice of the book-packets or samples may be affixed, and the names of the publisher or merchant who sends them as well as of the person to whom they are addressed may be superscribed in writing.

Now, by the Postal Laws of the United States, the weight of book packages sent by mail within the States must not exceed four pounds; if it does it is charged postage at letter rates. It is charged at the same letter rates if there be any writing upon the envelope except the address of the person to whom it is sent. Thus, a package which might weigh twenty pounds may, under the new convention, be sent from London to New York for $4 80; while under our present postal law it would cost $19 20 to send it from New York to Newark. A resident of Omaha or San Francisco can thus buy and receive from London a Latham's Johnson's English Dictionary, weighing ten pounds, for about one-half what a Webster's Dictionary sent from Springfield would cost him!

Again, our customs officers are not permitted to examine parcels received from England, although they may examine those sent abroad. By the terms of the convention, also, "no charges whatever shall be levied in the country in which international newspapers, book-packets and patterns, or samples of merchandise are delivered." It is easy, therefore, to drive a profitable free-trade in dutiable articles. One boot may be sent across the Atlantic as a sample by this mail, and its mate by the next. Pattern horse-shoes may be sent, as they actually have been, and at less cost than if they paid regular freight, charges and duty added. And these are to be delivered at their destination free of charge.

All that we ask is a fair chance for American industry and enterprise, and that foreign manufactures shall not be positively preferred by law to domestic interests. The anomalies and absurdities that we have mentioned demand a swift remedy from Congress. For it is this incessant chafing of unfair regulations at a thousand points which at last irritates the most patient and reasonable citizens into active hostility to the party which has the power of redress but will not use it. Every honest man is willing to pay his share of the present heavy taxes, for he knows the great advantages which they have secured to him in the salvation of the government; but he has the right to demand that those taxes be honestly and equally levied, and he will justly condemn as fatal a policy which enriches foreigners at his expense.

THE ASPECTS OF TRADE.

THE New Year opens gloomily. The general aspect of business throughout the country is not encouraging. The evidence of the manufacturers in convention at Cleveland, the candid testimony of such representative men as Governor SPRAGUE of Rhode Island, the grievous complaints that come from the South, the universal dissatisfaction at the West, the persistent clamor for a revision of the tariff and modification of the internal revenue laws, the frequent suspensions and failures of business firms, the discharge of workmen and the reduction of wages, all attest to the universal depression that exists. New England especially suffers from those very protective measures which she once so earnestly encouraged, and the leading journals of Massachusetts are foremost in the utterance of grievous complaints. The specialties of New England skilled labor, which were the source of vast wealth to the capitalist and of rapid accumulation a short time since, are now a drug in the market and a drag upon those who are compelled to "carry" them. Upon no other section has the depreciation in prices fallen so heavily. Take, for example, the single item of printing cloths, as shown in the annual exhibit for the city of Providence: The price of 6×4 squares, which at the beginning of 1861 was 4¾ cents, rising to 27 cents in 1865, has now dropped to 6½ cents currency, or about the specie rate of 1861. That kindred interests have suffered in like ratio is shown by the fact of a reduction of nearly $1,000,000 in manufacturing dividends for the six months ending 1st January. Losses equally serious are entailed upon the commercial classes by the stagnation in trade and shrinkage in merchandise value. No better index of the state of trade is afforded than the withdrawal of the Cunard steamers from the port of Boston for the lack of support.

These lamentable truths apply, though in somewhat less degree, to the Middle States; and the situation is rendered still more severe and trying by the depressed condition of our foreign commerce and its dependent interests. Indeed, ship-building and all kinds of shipping sympathize with the general condition of trade. No wonder that the year's profits have been small, or that business failures have been more numerous than at any period other than one of actual panic.

It may, perhaps, be regarded an anomaly that breadstuffs alone do not share in the depreciation of nearly all descriptions of products. This fact, however, is shown by comparing the prices of various articles in each of the past four years. The decline in many articles of consumption is as great as that in dry goods; but as respects the staff of life, the laborers who are thrown out of employment or who are working on short time or at reduced wages, have to pay nearly as much as ever. Hence the distress that bears so heavily upon this class of the population. The New Year dawned gloomily upon thousands of workmen and operatives, whom employers were then obliged to discharge; and calamity fell no less heavily upon the factory operatives of New England than upon the iron workers of Pennsylvania.

The number of copartnership dissolutions on the first of the year has been unusually large. The withdrawal of special partners is noticeable. The serious losses of the past two years have induced them to withdraw the remnant of their capital and invest it in more secure places. Firms which have barely sustained themselves above the waves of financial embarrassment think it wiser to dissolve and do nothing than to risk their fraction of remaining capital in further ventures. Much of the money thus withdrawn is put into real estate, which, as respects the large commercial centres of the East and West, is still active and in request at advancing prices. At the same time, many new partnerships are formed, which have this advantage, that they commence business when prices are low, with the chances of immediate or prospective improvement.

It is not our wish to create despondency by the presentation of gloomy pictures. Though the situation be far from satisfactory, it need not be regarded as hopeless by any means. It is not in the nature of our people to despair or shrink from the burdens they have to bear. The worst period has unquestionably passed. The losses upon sales the past year have not been as disastrous as during a portion of its predecessor. At the same time enough has been sacrificed to teach caution; and caution is one long step in the direction of healthy trade. Nor has every branch of industry been paralyzed. If manufacturing companies have passed their dividends or been compelled to accept a pittance of profits, the deficiency is more than made up by the earnings of railroads and miscellaneous companies. The railroads seem lately to have happened upon an era of better management and closer economy, so that some lines long established now pay dividends for the first time. Nor yet is the case of the unfortunate South altogether hopeless or beyond retrieve. We regard the troubles there as more in the anticipation of possible short crops than of actual present distress. Still, the situation is desperate, and needs remedy. Timely aid, if not absolutely indispensable to existence, would be of inestimable service. The proposal to lend planters the credit of the Government is feasible, and not without precedent. A similar plan worked well in 1839-40, and is practicable now. The discovery in those years that cotton could be raised more cheaply in the Valley of the Mississippi than in the Atlantic States caused a great speculative excitement, which was fostered by the struggle that took place between the National Bank and the Federal Government. The planters who migrated to the new districts were obliged to mortgage their lands and their negroes, and these mortgages having been constituted bank capital under State charters, State loans were issued in aid of them. The loans were to a considerable extent negotiated through the United States Bank, and the planters pledged their cotton to the lenders. The speculation subsided in 1840, leaving a very healthy state of affairs. The South needs time, money, energy, and a systematized plan of labor. Congressional legislation can do a great deal toward effecting this relief. And when, through prosperity, the South shall take the rank which belongs to her as a cotton-producer, it will be found that the shipping interest will have also revived; for statistics of past years prove that Northern shipping has always been, to a great extent, dependent upon the Southern staple.

A WORD FROM LABOULAYE.

M. LABOULAYE is so honored and beloved in this country for his intelligent comprehension of our late struggle and his eloquent presentation of the interests of free society, which were involved in it, that his views of the present situation are peculiarly interesting. In a late private letter he says:

"I can not believe in the repudiation of your debt. The measure is too palpably unjust, and it would injure too many interests in America to be popular. The Democrats may feel their way by such propositions, but it is difficult for me to imagine that they can succeed.

"I see, with more concern, that there is a disposition to make the blacks a separate caste, and to establish two nations in America, one of which is to be free because they have white skins, and the other serfs because they have colored skins. This is to lose the result of the war, and to sow the seed of fresh divisions. The aristocracy of the South will reconstruct itself with the political serfdom of the blacks, and the struggle between the North and the South will begin again. To what purpose, then, will so much blood have been already shed?"

RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL E. O. C. ORD has been relieved of the command of the Fourth Military District, by General M'Dowell, and General Pope of the Third District by General Meade. Since the original appointments, which were made in March, 1867, four of the five military commanders of the Southern States have been removed by the President. Among other removals ordered by him which will hardly meet with general approval, is that of General Wager Swayne from the charge of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SAFETY.

POSITIVE advices from Africa were received in London on January 2, announcing the safety of Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, whose murder by Caffre savages was announced in March, 1867. Dr. Livingstone has now been in the interior of Africa on his present trip for over eighteen months. If he has crossed the continent, as he designed doing, in safety, he will have collected information of that strange country which will be invaluable to science.

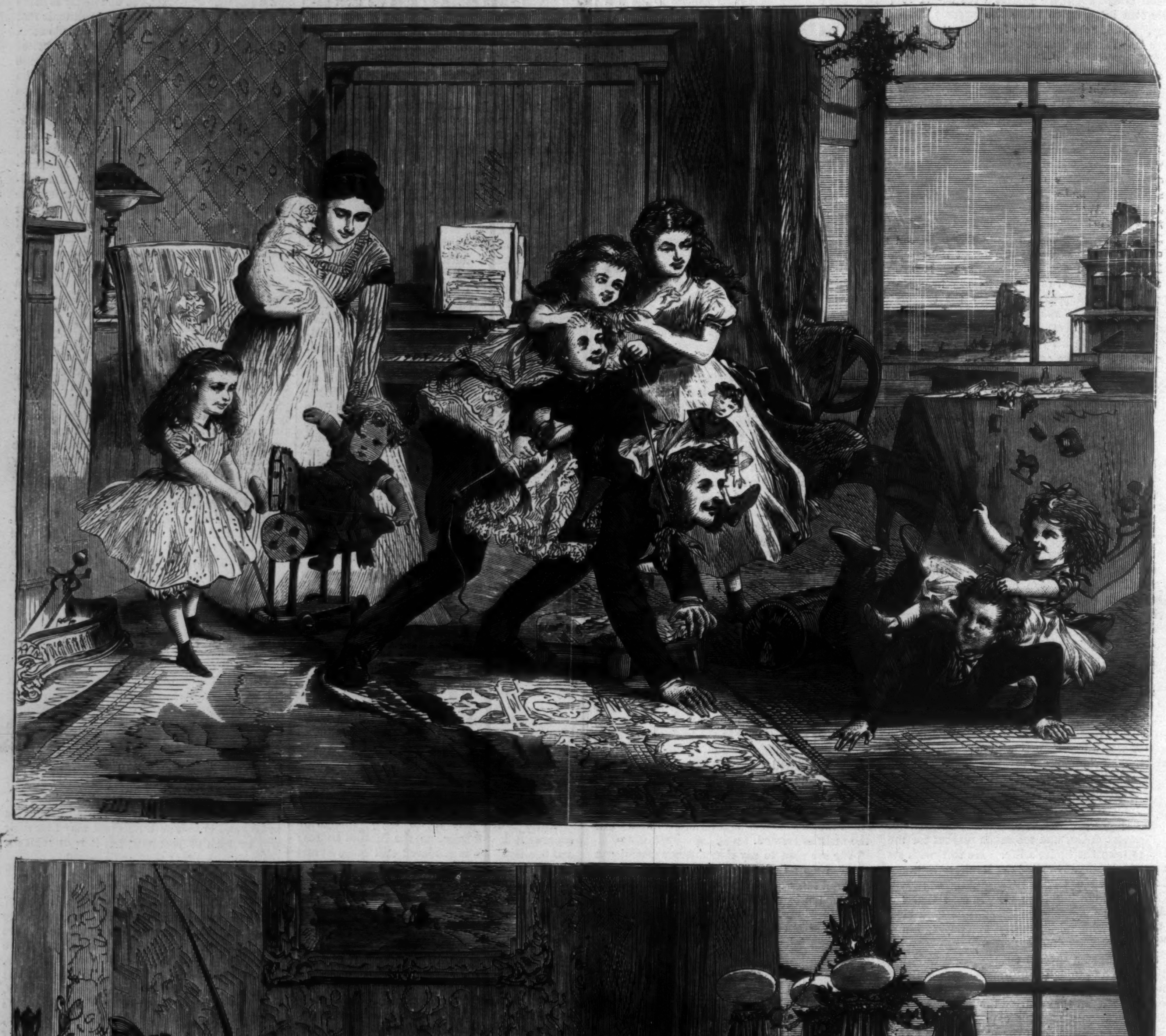
THE EASTERN QUESTION.

TURKEY has at length become frightened at the attitude of Russia, and her intrigues to foment insurrection among the Sultan's Christian subjects, and diplomatists have been sent to England and France to ask aid from those powers in the shape of a protest against Russian interference in the Cretan quarrel.

FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR.

IF there remains any young bachelor not convinced of the evil of his ways, or not forewarned of the miseries in store for him if he persists therein by the picture which we gave in our first issue for this year of "The Bachelor's Dinner," let him study our engraving on page 36. If he does not then tremble at the prospect before him he is incorrigible, and must be left to his deserved fate, of solitary dinners and childless boards.

Readers will have no trouble in locating the scene of our engraving. There are dozens of hotels and thousands of houses in the country where such incidents as are therein portrayed occur every day. Crusty old bachelors frequently find themselves lodged in apartments immediately below those of a merry family like that which we illustrate; and the romp *above* generally results in a sequel *below* such as is here portrayed.



FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS—A STUDY FOR BACHELORS.—[SEE PAGE 35.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VI.

Keeping my private sentiments to myself, I respectfully requested Mr. Franklin to go on. Mr. Franklin replied, "Don't fidget, Betteredge," and went on.

Our young gentleman's first words informed me that his discoveries, concerning the wicked Colonel and the Diamond, had begun with a visit which he had paid (before he came to us) to his father's lawyer at Hampstead. A chance word dropped by Mr. Franklin, when the two were alone, one day, after dinner, revealed that he had been charged by his father with a birthday present to be taken to Miss Rachel. One thing led to another; and it ended in the lawyer mentioning what the present really was, and how the friendly connection between the late Colonel and Mr. Blake, Senior, had taken its rise. The facts here are really so extraordinary that I doubt if I can trust my own language to do justice to them. I prefer trying to report Mr. Franklin's discoveries, as nearly as may be, in Mr. Franklin's own words.

"You remember the time, Betteredge," he said, "when my father was trying to prove his title to that unlucky Dukedom? Well! that was also the time when my uncle Herncastle returned from India. My father discovered that his brother-in-law was in possession of certain papers which were likely to be of service to him in his lawsuit. He called on the Colonel, on pretense of welcoming him back to England. The Colonel was not to be deluded in that way. 'You want something,' he said, 'or you would never have compromised your reputation by calling on *me.*' My father saw the one chance for him was to show his hand: he admitted, at once, that he wanted the papers. The Colonel asked for a day to consider his answer. His answer came in the shape of a most extraordinary letter, which my friend the lawyer showed me. The Colonel began by saying that he wanted something of my father, and that he begged to propose an exchange of friendly services between them. The fortune of war (that was the expression he used) had placed him in possession of one of the largest Diamonds in the world; and he had reason to believe that neither he nor his precious jewel was safe in any house, in any quarter of the globe, which they occupied together. Under these alarming circumstances he had determined to place his Diamond in the keeping of another person. That person was not expected to run any risk. He might deposit the precious stone in any place especially guarded and set apart—like a banker's or jeweler's strong-room—for the safe custody of valuables of high price. His main personal responsibility in the matter was to be of the passive kind. He was to undertake—either by himself, or by a trustworthy representative—to receive at a pre-arranged address, on certain pre-arranged days in every year, a note from the Colonel, simply stating the fact that he was a living man at that date. In the event of the date passing over without the note being received, the Colonel's silence might be taken as a sure token of the Colonel's death by murder. In that case, and in no other, certain sealed instructions relating to the disposal of the Diamond, and deposited with it, were to be opened, and followed implicitly. If my father chose to accept this strange charge, the Colonel's papers were at his disposal in return. That was the letter."

"What did your father do, Sir?" I asked.

"Do?" says Mr. Franklin. "I'll tell you what he did. He brought the invaluable faculty called common-sense to bear on the Colonel's letter. The whole thing, he declared, was simply absurd. Somewhere in his Indian wanderings the Colonel had picked up with some wretched crystal which he took for a diamond. As for the danger of his being murdered, and the precautions devised to preserve his life and his piece of crystal, this was the nineteenth century, and any man in his senses had only to apply to the police. The Colonel had been a notorious opium-eater for years past; and, if the only way of getting at the valuable papers he possessed was by accepting a matter of opium as a matter of fact, my father was quite willing to take the ridiculous responsibility imposed upon him—all the more readily that it involved no trouble to himself. The Diamond and the sealed instructions went into his banker's strong-room, and the Colonel's letters, periodically reporting him a living man, were received and opened by the lawyer, as my father's representative. No sensible person, in a similar position, could have viewed the matter in any other way. Nothing in this world, Betteredge, is probable unless it appeals to our own trumpery experience; and we only believe in a romance when we see it in a newspaper."

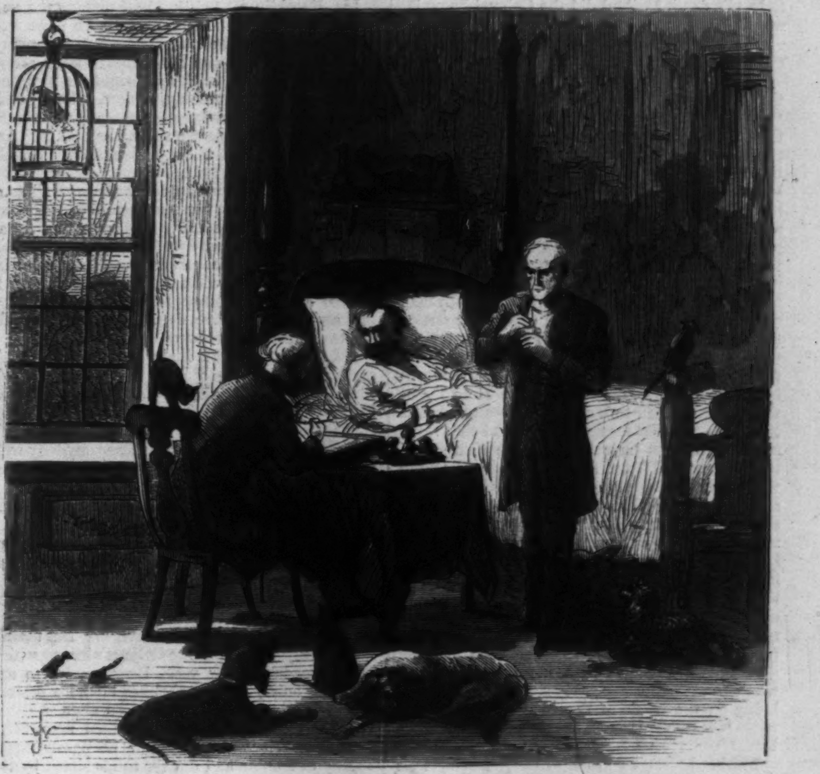
It was plain to me from this, that Mr. Franklin thought his father's notion about the Colonel hasty and wrong.

"What is your own private opinion about the matter, Sir?" I asked.

"Let's finish the story of the Colonel first," says Mr. Franklin. "There is a curious want of system, Betteredge, in the English mind; and your question, my old friend, is an instance of it. When we are not occupied in making machinery, we are (mentally speaking) the most slovenly people in the universe."

"So much," I thought to myself, "for a foreign education! He has learned that way of girding at us in France, I suppose."

Mr. Franklin took up the lost thread, and went on.



"HIS WILL BEGAN AND ENDED IN THREE CLAUSES."

"My father," he said, "got the papers he wanted, and never saw his brother-in-law again, from that time. Year after year, on the pre-arranged days, the pre-arranged letter came from the Colonel, and was opened by the lawyer. I have seen the letters, in a heap, all of them written in the same brief, business-like form of words: 'Sir,—This is to certify that I am still a living man. Let the Diamond be. John Herncastle.' That was all he ever wrote, and that came regularly to the day; until some six or eight months since, when the form of the letter varied for the first time. It ran now: 'Sir,—They tell me I am dying. Come to me, and help me to make my will.' The lawyer went, and found him, in the little suburban villa, surrounded by its own grounds, in which he had lived alone ever since he had left India. He had dogs, cats, and birds to keep him company; but no human being near him, except the person who came daily to do the housework, and the doctor at the bedside. The will was a very simple matter. The Colonel had dissipated the greater part of his fortune in his chemical investigations. His will began and ended in three clauses, which he dictated from his bed, in perfect possession of his faculties. The first clause provided for the safe-keeping and support of his animals. The second founded a professorship of experimental chemistry at a northern university. The third bequeathed the Moonstone as a birthday present to his niece, on condition that my father would act as executor. My father at first refused to act. On second thoughts, however, he gave way, partly because he was assured that the executorship would involve him in no trouble; partly because the lawyer suggested, in Rachel's interest, that the Diamond might be worth something, after all."

"Did the Colonel give any reason, Sir," I inquired, "why he left the Diamond to Miss Rachel?"

"He not only gave the reason—he had the reason written in his will," said Mr. Franklin. "I have got an extract, which you shall see presently. Don't be slovenly-minded, Betteredge! One thing at a time. You have heard about the Colonel's Will; now you must hear what happened after the Colonel's death. It was formally necessary to have the Diamond valued, before the Will could be proved. All the jewelers consulted, at once confirmed the Colonel's assertion that he possessed one of the largest diamonds in the world. The question of accurately valuing it presented some serious difficulties. Its size made it a phenomenon in the diamond-market; its color placed it in a category by itself; and, to add to these elements of uncertainty, there was a defect, in the shape of a flaw, in the very heart of the stone. Even with this last serious drawback, however, the lowest of the various estimates given was twenty thousand pounds. Conceive my father's astonishment! He had been within a hair's-breadth of refusing to act as executor, and of allowing this magnificent jewel to be lost to the family. The interest he took in the matter now induced him to open the sealed instructions which had been deposited with the Diamond.—The lawyer showed this document to me, with the other papers; and it suggests (to my mind) a clew to the nature of the conspiracy which threatened the Colonel's life."

"Then you do believe, Sir," I said, "that there was a conspiracy?"

"Not possessing my father's excellent common-sense," answered Mr. Franklin, "I believe the Colonel's life was threatened, exactly as the Colonel said. The sealed instructions, as I think, explain how it was that he died, after all, quietly in his bed. In the event of his death by violence (that is to say, in the absence of the regular letter from him at the appointed date), my father was then directed to send the Moonstone secretly to Amsterdam. It was to be deposited in that city with a famous diamond-cutter, and it was to be cut up into from four to six separate stones. The stones were then to be sold for what they would fetch, and the proceeds were to be applied to the founding of that professorship of experimental chemistry which the Colonel has since endowed by his Will. Now, Betteredge, exert those sharp wits of yours, and observe the conclusion to which the Colonel's instructions point!"

I instantly exerted my wits. They were of the slovenly English sort; and they consequently muddled it all until Mr. Franklin took them in hand, and pointed out what they ought to see.

"Remark," says Mr. Franklin, "that the integrity of the Diamond, as a whole stone, is here artfully made dependent on the preservation from violence of the Colonel's life. He is not satisfied with saying to the enemies he dreads, 'Kill me—and you will be no nearer to the Diamond than you are now; it is where you can't get at it—in the guarded strong-room of a bank.' He says instead, 'Kill me—and the Diamond will be the Diamond no longer; its identity will be destroyed.' What does that mean?"

Here I had (as I thought) a flash of the wonderful foreign brightness.

"I know!" I said. "It means lowering the value of the stone, and cheating the rogues in that way!"

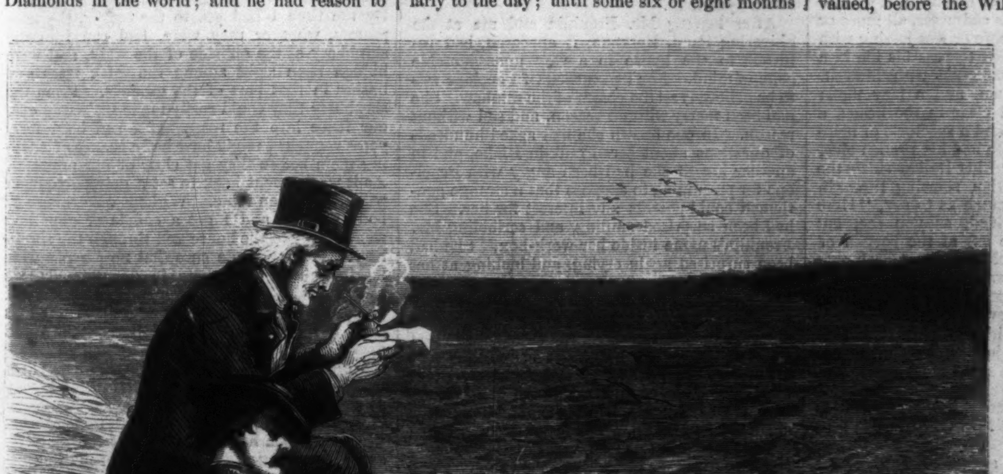
"Nothing of the sort," says Mr. Franklin. "I have inquired about that. The flawed Diamond, cut up, would actually fetch more than the Diamond as it now is; for this plain reason—that from four to six perfect brilliants might be cut from it, which would be, collectively, worth more money than the large—but imperfect—single stone. If robbery for the purpose of gain was at the bottom of the conspiracy, the Colonel's instructions absolutely made the Diamond better worth stealing. More money could have been got for it, and the disposal of it in the diamond-market would have been infinitely easier, if it had passed through the hands of the workmen of Amsterdam."

"Lord bless us, Sir!" I burst out. "What was the plot then?"

"A plot organized among the Indians who originally owned the jewel," says Mr. Franklin—"a plot with some old Hindoo superstition at the bottom of it. That is my opinion, confirmed by a family paper which I have about me at this moment."

I saw now why the appearance of the three Indian jugglers at our house had presented itself to Mr. Franklin in the light of a circumstance worth noting.

"I don't want to force my opinion on you," Mr. Franklin went on. "The idea of certain chosen servants of an old Hindoo superstition devoting themselves, through all difficulties and dangers, to watching the opportunity of recovering their sacred gem, appears to *me* to be perfectly consistent with every thing that we know of the patience of Oriental races, and the influence of Oriental religions. But then I am an imaginative man; and the butcher, the baker, and the tax-gatherer, are not the only credible realities in existence to *my* mind. Let the guess I have made at the truth in this matter go for what it is worth, and let us get on to the only practical question that concerns us. Does the conspiracy against the Moonstone survive the



"HE GAVE ME THE EXTRACT FROM THE COLONEL'S WILL."

Colonel's death? And did the Colonel know it, when he left the birthday gift to his niece?"

I began to see my lady and Miss Rachel at the end of it all, now. Not a word he said escaped me.

"I was not very willing, when I discovered the story of the Moonstone," said Mr. Franklin, "to be the means of bringing it here. But my friend, the lawyer, reminded me that somebody must put my cousin's legacy into my cousin's hands—and that I might as well do it as any body else. After taking the Diamond out of the bank I fancied I was followed in the streets by a shabby, dark-complexioned man. I went to my father's house to pick up my luggage, and found a letter there, which unexpectedly detained me in London. I went back to the bank with the Diamond, and thought I saw the shabby man again. Taking the Diamond once more out of the bank this morning, I saw the man for the third time, gave him the slip, and started (before he recovered the trace of me) by the morning instead of the afternoon train. Here I am, with the Diamond safe and sound—and what is the first news that meets me? I find that three strolling Indians have been at the house, and that my arrival from London, and something which I am expected to have about me, are two special objects of investigation to them when they believe themselves to be alone. I don't waste time and words on their pouring the ink into the boy's hand, and telling him to look in it for a man at a distance, and for something in that man's pocket. The thing (which I have often seen done in the East) is 'hocus-pocus' in my opinion, as it is in yours. The present question for us to decide is whether I am wrongly attaching a meaning to a mere accident? or whether we really have evidence of the Indians being on the track of the Moonstone, the moment it is removed from the safe-keeping of the bank?"

Neither he nor I seemed to fancy dealing with this part of the inquiry. We looked at each other, and then we looked at the tide, oozing in smoothly, higher and higher, over the Shivering Sand.

"What are you thinking of?" says Mr. Franklin, suddenly.

"I was thinking, Sir," I answered, "that I should like to shy the Diamond into the quicksand, and settle the question in *that* way."

"If you have got the value of the stone in your pocket," answered Mr. Franklin, "say so, Betteredge, and in it goes!"

It's curious to note, when your mind's anxious, how very far in the way of relief a very small joke will go. We found a fund of merriment, at the time, in the notion of making away with Miss Rachel's lawful property, and getting Mr. Blake, as executor, into dreadful trouble—though where the merriment was I am quite at a loss to discover now.

Mr. Franklin was the first to bring the talk back to the talk's proper purpose. He took an envelope out of his pocket, opened it, and handed to me the paper inside.

"Betteredge," he said, "we must face the question of the Colonel's motive in leaving this legacy to his niece for my aunt's sake. Bear in mind how Lady Verinder treated her brother from the time when he returned to England, to the time when he told you he should remember his niece's birthday. And read that."

He gave me the extract from the Colonel's Will. I have got it by me while I write these words; and I copy it, as follows, for your benefit:

"Thirdly, and lastly, I give and bequeath to my niece, Rachel Verinder, daughter and only child of my sister, Julia Verinder, widow, the yellow Diamond belonging to me, and known in the East by the name of The Moonstone—subject to this condition, that her mother, the said Julia Verinder, shall be living at the time. And I hereby desire my executor, in that event, to give my Diamond, either by his own hands or by the hands of some trustworthy representative whom he shall appoint, into the personal possession of my said niece Rachel, on her next birthday after my death, and in the presence of my sister, the said Julia Verinder. And furthermore, I desire also that my sister, as aforesaid, may be informed, by means of a true copy of this, the third and last clause of my Will, that I give the Diamond to her daughter Rachel, in token of my free forgiveness of the injury which her conduct toward me has been the means of inflicting on my reputation in my lifetime; and especially in proof that I pardon, as becomes a dying man, the insult offered to me as an officer and a gentleman, when her servant, by her orders, closed the door of her house against me, on the occasion of her daughter's birthday."

More words followed these, providing, if my lady was dead, or if Miss Rachel was dead, at the time of the testator's decease, for the Diamond being sent to Holland, in accordance with the sealed instructions originally deposited with it. The proceeds of the sale were, in that case, to be added to the money already left by the Will for the professorship of chemistry at the university in the north.

I handed the paper back to Mr. Franklin, sorely troubled what to say to him. Up to that moment my own opinion had been (as you know) that the Colonel had died as wickedly as he had lived. I don't say the copy from his Will actually converted me from that opinion: I only say it staggered me.

"Well," says Mr. Franklin, "now you have read the Colonel's own statement, what do you say? In bringing the Moonstone to my aunt's house, am I serving his vengeance blindfold, or am I vindicating him in the character of a penitent and Christian man?"

"It seems hard to say, Sir," I answered, "that he died with a horrid revenge in his heart, and a horrid lie on his lips. God alone knows the truth. Don't ask *me*."

Mr. Franklin sat twisting and turning the extract from the Will in his fingers, as if he expected to squeeze the truth out of it in that manner. He altered quite remarkably at the same time. From being brisk and bright, he now became, most unaccountably, a slow, solemn, and pondering young man.

"This question has two sides," he said. "An Objective side, and a Subjective side. Which are we to take?"

He had had a German education as well as a French. One of the two had been in undisturbed possession of him (as I supposed) up to this time. And now (as well as I could make out) the other was taking its place. It is one of my rules in life never to notice what I don't understand. I steered a middle course between the Objective side and the Subjective side. In plain English, I stared hard and said nothing.

"Let's extract the inner meaning of this," says Mr. Franklin. "Why did my uncle leave the Diamond to Rachel? Why didn't he leave it to my aunt?"

"That's not beyond guessing, Sir, at any rate," I said. "Colonel Herncastle knew my lady well enough to know that she would have refused to accept any legacy that came to her from *him*."

"How did he know that Rachel might not refuse to accept it, too?"

"Is there any young lady in existence, Sir, who could resist the temptation of accepting such a birthday present as The Moonstone?"

"That's the Subjective view," says Mr. Franklin. "It does you great credit, Betteredge, to be able to take the Subjective view. But there's another mystery about the Colonel's legacy which is not accounted for yet. How are we to explain his only giving Rachel her birthday present conditionally on her mother being alive?"

"I don't want to slander a dead man, Sir," I answered. "But if he *has* purposely left a legacy of trouble and danger to his sister, by the means of her child, it must be a legacy made conditional on his sister's being alive to feel the vexation of it."

"Oh! That's your interpretation of his motive, is it? The Subjective interpretation again! Have you ever been in Germany, Betteredge?"

"No, Sir. What's your interpretation, if you please?"

"I can see," says Mr. Franklin, "that the Colonel's object may, quite possibly, have been—not to benefit his niece, whom he had never even seen—but to prove to his sister that he had died forgiving her, and to prove it very prettily by means of a present made to her child. There is a totally different explanation from yours, Betteredge, taking its rise in a Subjective-Objective point of view. From all I can see, one interpretation is just as likely to be right as the other."

Having brought matters to this pleasant and comforting issue, Mr. Franklin appeared to think that he had completed all that was required of him. He laid down flat on his back on the sand, and asked what was to be done next.

He had been so clever and clear-headed (before he began to talk the foreign gibberish), and had so completely taken the lead in the business up to the present time, that I was quite unprepared for such a sudden change as he now exhibited in this helpless leaning upon *me*. It was not till later that I learned—by assistance of Miss Rachel, who was the first to make the discovery—that these puzzling shifts and transformations in Mr. Franklin were due to the effect on him of his foreign training. At the age when we are all of us most apt to take our coloring, in the form of a reflection from the coloring of other people, he had been sent abroad, and had been passed on, from one nation to another, before there was time for any one coloring more than another to settle itself on him firmly. As a consequence of this, he had come back with so many different sides to his character, all more or less unfinished, and all more or less jarring with each other, that he seemed to pass his life in a state of perpetual contradiction with himself. He could be a busy man, and a lazy man; cloudy in the head, and clear in the head; a model of determination, and a spectacle of helplessness, all together. He had his French side, and his German side, and his Italian side—the original English foundation showing through, every now and then, as much as to say, "Here I am, sorely transmogrified, as you see, but there's something of me left at the bottom of him still." Miss Rachel used to remark that the Italian side of him was uppermost on those occasions when he unexpectedly gave in and asked you, in his nice, sweet-tempered way, to take his own responsibilities on your shoulders. You will do him no injustice, I think, if you conclude that the Italian side of him was uppermost now.

"Isn't it your business, Sir," I asked, "to know what to do next? Surely it can't be mine!"

Mr. Franklin did not appear to see the force of my question—not being in a position at the time to see any thing but the sky over his head.

"I don't want to alarm my aunt without reason," he said. "And I don't want to leave her without what may be a needful warning. If you were in my place, Betteredge, tell me, in one word, what would you do?"

In one word I told him: "Wait."

"With all my heart," says Mr. Franklin. "How long?"

I proceeded to explain myself.

"As I understand it, Sir," I said, "somebody is bound to put this plaguy Diamond into Miss Rachel's hands on her birthday—and you may as well do it as another. Very good. This is the twenty-fifth of May, and the birthday is on the twenty-first of June. We have got close on four weeks before us. Let's wait and see what happens in that time; and let's warn my lady or not, as the circumstances direct us."

"Perfect, Betteredge, as far as it goes!" says Mr. Franklin. "But, between this and the birthday, what's to be done with the Diamond?"

"What your father did with it, to be sure, Sir!" I answered. "Your father put it in the safe-keeping of a bank in London. You put it in the safe-keeping of the bank at Frizinghall." (Frizinghall was our nearest town, and the Bank of England wasn't safer than the bank there.) "If I were you, Sir," I added, "I would ride straight away with it to Frizinghall before the ladies come back."

The prospect of doing something—and, what is more, of doing that something on a horse—brought Mr. Franklin up like lightning from the flat of his back. He sprang to his feet, and pulled me up, without ceremony, on to mine. "Betteredge, you are worth your weight in gold," he said. "Come along, and saddle the best horse in the stables directly!"

Here (God bless it!) was the original English foundation of him showing through all the foreign varnish at last! Here was the Master Franklin I remembered, coming out again in the good old way at the prospect of a ride, and reminding me of the good old times! Saddle a horse for him? I would have saddled a dozen horses if he could only have ridden them all!

We went back to the house in a hurry; we had the fleetest horse in the stables saddled in a hurry; and Mr. Franklin rattled off in a hurry, to lodge the cursed Diamond once more in the strong-room of a bank. When I heard the last of his horse's hoofs on the drive, and when I turned about in the yard and found I was alone again, I felt half inclined to ask myself if I hadn't woke up from a dream.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE I was in this bewildered frame of mind, sorely needing a little quiet time by myself to put me right again, my daughter Penelope got in my way (just as her late mother used to get in my way on the stairs), and instantly summoned me to tell her all that had passed at the conference between Mr. Franklin and me. Under present circumstances, the one thing to be done was to clap the extinguisher upon Penelope's curiosity on the spot. I accordingly replied that Mr. Franklin and I had both talked of foreign politics till we could talk no longer, and had then mutually fallen asleep in the heat of the sun. Try that sort of answer when your wife or your daughter next worries you with an awkward question at an awkward time, and depend on the natural sweetness of women for kissing and making it up again at the next opportunity.

The afternoon wore on, and my lady and Miss Rachel came back.

Needless to say how astonished they were when they heard that Mr. Franklin Blake had arrived, and had gone off again on horseback. Needless also to say, that *they* asked awkward questions directly, and that the "foreign politics" and the "falling asleep in the sun" wouldn't serve a second time over with *them*. Being at the end of my invention, I said Mr. Franklin's arrival by the early train was entirely attributable to one of Mr. Franklin's freaks. Being asked, upon that, whether his galloping off again on horseback was another of Mr. Franklin's freaks, I said, "Yes, it was;" and slipped out of it—I think very cleverly—in that way.

Having got over my difficulties with the ladies, I found more difficulties waiting for me when I went back to my own room. In came Penelope—with the natural sweetness of women—to kiss and make it up again; and—with the natural curiosity of women—to ask another question. This time, she only wanted me to tell her what was the matter with our second house-maid, Rosanna Spearman.

After leaving Mr. Franklin and me at the Shivering Sand, Rosanna, it appeared, had returned to the house in a very unaccountable state of mind. She had turned (if Penelope was to be believed) all the colors of the rainbow. She had been merry without reason, and sad without reason. In one breath she had asked hundreds of questions about Mr. Franklin Blake, and in another breath she had been angry with Penelope for presuming to suppose that a strange gentleman could possess any interest for her. She had been surprised smiling, and scribbling Mr. Franklin's name inside her work-box. She had been surprised again crying, and looking at her deformed shoulder in the glass. Had she and Mr. Franklin known any thing of each other before to-day? Quite impossible! Had they heard any thing of each other? Impossible again! I could speak to Mr. Franklin's astonishment as genuine, when he saw how the girl stared at him. Penelope could speak to the girl's inquisitiveness as genuine, when she asked questions about Mr. Franklin. The conference between us, conducted in this way, was tiresome enough, until my daughter suddenly ended it by bursting out with what I thought the most monstrous supposition I had ever heard in my life.

"Father!" says Penelope, quite seriously, "there's only one explanation of it. Rosanna has fallen in love with Mr. Franklin Blake at first sight!"

You have heard of beautiful young ladies falling in love at first sight, and have thought it natural enough. But a house-maid out of a Reformatory, with a plain face and a deformed shoulder, falling in love, at first sight, with a gentleman who comes on a visit to her mistress's house, match me that, in the way of an absurdity, out of any story-book in Christendom, if you can! I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks. Penelope resented my merriment, in rather a strange way. "I never knew you cruel before, father," she said, very gently, and went out.

My girl's words fell on me like a splash of cold water. I was savage with myself, for feeling uneasy in myself the moment she had spoken them—but so it was. We will change the subject, if you please. I am sorry I drifted into writing about it, and not without reason, as you will see when we have gone on together a little longer.

The evening came, and the dressing-bell for dinner rang, before Mr. Franklin returned from Frizinghall. I took his hot water up to his room myself, expecting to hear, after this extraordinary delay, that something had happened. To my great disappointment (and no doubt to yours also), nothing had happened. He had not met with the Indians, either going or returning. He had deposited the Moonstone in the bank—describing it merely as a valuable of great price—and he had got the receipt for it safe in his pocket. I went down stairs, feeling that this was rather a flat ending, after all our excitement about the Diamond earlier in the day.

How the meeting between Mr. Franklin and his aunt and cousin went off is more than I can tell you.

I would have given something to have waited at table that day. But in my position in the household, waiting at dinner (except on high family festivals) was letting down my dignity in the eyes of the other servants—a thing which my lady considered me quite prone enough to do already without seeking occasions for it. The news brought to me from the upper regions that evening came from Penelope and the footman. Penelope mentioned that she had never known Miss Rachel so particular about the dressing of her hair, and had never seen her look so bright and pretty as she did when she went down to meet Mr. Franklin in the drawing-room. The footman's report was, that the preservation of a respectful composure in the presence of his betters, and the waiting on Mr. Franklin Blake at dinner, were two of the hardest things to reconcile with each other that had ever tried his training in service. Later in the evening we heard them singing and playing duets, Mr. Franklin piping high, Miss Rachel piping higher, and my lady, on the piano, following them, as it were, over hedge and ditch, and seeing them safe through it in a manner most wonderful and pleasant to hear through the open windows, on the terrace at night. Later still, I went to Mr. Franklin in the smoking-room, with the soda-water and brandy, and found that Miss Rachel had put the Diamond clean out of his head. "She's the most charming girl I have seen since I came back to England!" was all I could extract from him, when I endeavored to lead the conversation to more serious things.

Toward midnight I went round the house to lock up, accompanied by my second in command (Samuel, the footman), as usual. When all doors were made fast, except the side-door that opened on the terrace, I sent Samuel to bed and stepped out for a breath of fresh air before I too went to bed in my turn.

The night was still and close, and the moon was at the full in the heavens. It was so silent out of doors, that I heard from time to time, very faint and low, the fall of the sea, as the ground-swell heaved it in on the sand-bank near the mouth of our little bay. As the house stood, the terrace side was the dark side; but the broad moonlight showed fair on the gravel-walk that ran along the next side to the terrace. Looking this way, after looking up at the sky, I saw the shadow of a person in the moonlight thrown forward from behind the corner of the house.

Being old and sly, I forbore to call out; but, being also, unfortunately, old and heavy, my feet betrayed me on the gravel. Before I could steal suddenly round the corner, as I had proposed, I heard lighter feet than mine—and more than one pair of them, as I thought—retreating in a hurry. By the time I had got to the corner, the trespassers, whoever they were, had run into the shrubbery at the off side of the walk, and were hidden from sight among the thick trees and bushes in that part of the grounds. From the shrubbery they could easily make their way over our fence into the road. If I had been forty years younger I might have had a chance of catching them before they got clear of our premises. As it was, I went back to set a going a younger pair of legs than mine. Without disturbing any body, Samuel and I got a couple of guns and went all round the house and through the shrubbery. Having made sure that no persons were lurking about any where in our grounds, we turned back. Passing over the walk where I had seen the shadow, I now noticed, for the first time, a little bright object, lying on the clean gravel, under the light of the moon. Picking the object up, I discovered that it was a small bottle, containing a thick, sweet-smelling liquor, as black as ink.

I said nothing to Samuel. But, remembering what Penelope had told me about the jugglers, and the pouring of the little pool of ink into the palm of the boy's hand, I instantly suspected that I had disturbed the three Indians, lurking about the house, and bent, in their heathenish way, on discovering the whereabouts of the Diamond that night.

MY FIRST SPECULATION IN OIL.

I AM not a strong-minded woman, and very much prefer to lean on others and have the direction of my life taken entirely out of my hands. But I do like being independent of servants, so when I was left a widow with two small children and too small, not to say smaller, means, I determined on housekeeping, or rather, I should say, *room-keeping*, after this abominable overcrowded New York style, and heroically determined to be my own maid-of-all-work.

Naturally one of my first objects was to have something to cook by, and my fancy at once seized on a petroleum-stove, warranted, so ran the advertisement, "to burn any kind of oil"—it did not also add "and any quantity of that same." Where, thought I, could I find any thing simpler or more convenient? No coal to be carried up stairs; no ashes to be carried down, and no dust; petroleum thirty cents a gallon, and half a dozen patentees severally assuring me that their respective stoves would burn such incredibly small quantities of oil, that, poor as I was, I was almost ashamed of such cheap warmth, and felt as if I could afford a respectable-sized conflagration any time I chose. Here, thought I, is perfection. Cheap, and clean, and labor-saving—could any one desire more?

The great puzzle was to choose. My difficulty being that each patentee *proved* to me that his invention used just half as much fuel as the last one I had seen. As a woman I was bound to believe him, my sex are so easily convinced; but as an ex-member of an arithmetic-class, it rather bothered me.

At last I pitched on one that I saw in a shop in Broadway. This was not so small as many, but on the other hand it had an odd, *spidery* look that I took a fancy to. This odd look which it had would have been enough—I have a weakness for odd things and people—but the patentee at once decided me by a remark which happened to hit another of my weaknesses:

"Marm," said he, "if your room isn't terrible large, you'll be heated out of house and home by this sized stove."

This was the very thing for me. From long residence in the tropics I am a real chilly body. Even my minister, to bring me to a realizing sense of my iniquities, had to suggest cold instead of heat as a probable final punishment. Too much heat was the last thing to discourage me. On the spot, with a promptitude that half frightened myself, I decided to take the stove; but before ordering it I of course asked John Gray what his opinion was—not that I expected him to have any, he never has with me, and I had taken him along, not for advice or counsel, for I generally follow my own; or for protection, for I generally know how to take care of myself; nor for company, for though Mr. Gray is a very nice man, and sociable, and lively, and witty, in general society, he has a most unaccountable timidity with me; and though it is evident he is rather fond of me, he hasn't got the courage to say so. At least all my friends tell me he's in love with me, and he certainly does run about after me a good deal; he doesn't seem to know it himself, and certainly hasn't told me so. I despise timid people, utterly despise them; and there's nothing on earth so contemptible and stupid in my eyes as a timid lover. There! I don't care who knows my sentiments.

So I wasn't much surprised when John Gray, in a stupid way, answered, when I asked his opinion about the stove, "If you like, I don't see why it won't suit." I knew what was coming, and before he could drawl it out I had ordered home the stove.

When I came to pay for it, twenty dollars was a serious matter, but my steadfast soul never faltered. For a mere stove it was a good deal; but for a piece of perfection—all that a woman's heart could desire—it was nothing.

The morning came, and with it my purchase, and I remember thinking how beautiful both were. "Won't be no smell from it at all," said the man, as he lit the wick with a match. He had hardly done speaking when, beyond a question, I smelt something, which, if my stove had been any thing but a patent stove, I could have sworn was coal-oil. I ventured to hint my suspicions, but the man, with a preternatural calmness, which I believe to be part of the stove business, decided that I only smelt the varnish that is always put on new iron, you know. "Maybe you smell a *leetle* kerosene," he added, "for I spilt a few drops a-fillin' of the rezavoy."

I thought I smelt decidedly more than a few drops, and felt a vague misgiving that all was not just right, but again my faith triumphed, and I maintained a discreet silence, and determined to give the thing—already it was "the thing"—a fair trial.

I had work at home that afternoon, but there was also a little to be done away from home, and somehow amidst the smell of the varnish they always put on new stoves, you know, this particular matter, which I had put off once or twice before, now struck me as having been unduly neglected, and altogether rather a pleasant thing to do. Coming home at dusk, I found the children with their noses and their tempers unnecessarily exercised by the pervading varnish. The evening had turned chilly, and I found that I was by no means aggravated by the quantity or the quality of the heat. I filled up my stove, and raising the wick as high as I dared, I managed to make the room tolerably comfortable; but as the heat increased the smell and smoke increased in the same ratio, and our noses fairly ached with our constant sniffing. My daughter, who already had a bad cold and had been coughing severely, took to sneezing as well, and we were all very glad to go to bed early and sleep in blessed forgetfulness of "speculations in oil."

The next day found the stove not quite so unbearable, but still far from satisfactory. I looked at the reservoir, and found that at the rate I was burning oil I should expend, instead of the sixty cents a week (promised me by the patentees), about four times as much. The weather was pretty cool, and so were we—cooler than we could wish, but I could *cook* very successfully over my fire.

I worked nearly all day, with my head growing heavier and duller for the want of pure air; two or three times I opened the windows and *cooled* the room for the sake of being able to breathe. Three or four friends came in in the course of the day, but their visits were short, and I began to fear that the coolness of my room had spread to the manners of my friends. In the evening John Gray scraped and bowed his way into the room, excessively nervous and timid, and necessarily over-polite, insisting, as he did, on shaking hands all around two or three times before he *shrunk* into his usual seat in the corner, and lapsed into his usual stupid silence, leaving me to do all the talking. But before he had managed to get into his accustomed place, I think he must have detected the pervading odor of oil or varnish, for he distinctly snuffed twice, and I saw him glance at "that thing." But he didn't say any thing about it—that was the trouble with the poor, stupid fellow; he could talk well enough to other women; he could be pleasant enough when other ladies than myself were present, but he never had more than monosyllables for me; he had been bold as a lion, and had won distinction in the war, but he hadn't the slightest particle of courage in my presence, and never managed to distinguish himself with me at all. On this occasion he lighted his cigar—I knew how fond he was of smoking, and I always prepared him his lighter when he came—without once saying any thing about my purchase; and as I was conscious of at least a partial failure in my speculation, I talked altogether of other affairs. They couldn't have been very interesting, or the oil or varnish must have affected him more than it did me; for before he had hardly finished his cigar he rose to go. I looked at him in astonishment. I had never been able to get rid of him—that is, he had not usually gone before half past ten of an evening before this—and I was a little provoked. In fact, I was a good deal provoked, and I said, rather tartly:

"Well, you are as unsociable as my stove, and smoke a good deal more. I suppose it smells to you, don't it? Well, I suppose the smell and the cold are no worse for you than for me."

He looked up and answered with more spirit than I had given him credit for.

"Mrs. Jones, if you expect your friends to stay, you must find some other method of warming your room than with that *thing* (strong emphasis on 'thing'). *My* throat isn't copper-lined and fastened;" and he left.

"Well," I said to myself, "I am indebted to the stove for one thing, anyhow. The stupid fool has some little sense left;" and I turned off the confounded wick and went to bed to keep warm.

Next day was no better, and I nearly cried with vexation. Here was having perfection with a vengeance—losing all my friends for a stupid old stove. I at once sent for the patentee that I might learn what was the matter. He came—a very bland and smiling gentleman, with the preternatural stove calmness before-mentioned, a pair of gold spectacles, and very dirty hands. He seemed, too, to have caught something of the oiliness of the petroleum he dealt in, and was inclined to smooth over every thing. In fact, from his extreme glibness, I was very likely to distrust him. I must own, however, that I was in a general state of mistrust, owing to the unfortunate end of my interview of the night before; and it was only the arrival of Mr. Gray, timid as ever, to inquire if he could do any thing for me down town, that restored my equanimity and made me take off the mental blue spectacles through which I had been seeing every thing.

I saw at a glance that the man was a regular "Yankee."

I stated the case to him, in decidedly emphatic language, and declared "I would not use it unless the smell were remedied, to say nothing of its burning such an amount of fuel."

He seated himself in front of the stove, and without a word peered into the flame, and turned the wick down and turned it up, and sniffed, and then sat quiet and looked at it as if he expected it would speak and tell its own story. I did not know but that he intended to spend the rest of the day with me, he seemed to have seated himself so resolutely. At length the silence was broken, and the oracle spoke:

"Guess you haven't trimmed it."

"Oh yes, I did, with great care," I answered.

"Wa'al, then, there oughter be a piece of pipe a-leading into the chimney; that'll make it O.K."

I suggested, in as insinuating a manner as I could, that I did not want any varnish put on the new pipe. He promised compliance, and the new pipe came in the course of the day—and, of course, varnished. There was the new pipe, but, alas! the old smell.

The evening brought John, more communicative and less timid than I had ever seen him, and evidently with the intention of bearing without flinching the discomforts of my room, rather than give me pain and let me imagine that he intended to leave me alone. I became quite confidential, and told him more of my hopes and plans than I had ever dared to speak of before. But the evening resulted as all the others had, and the conversation resolved itself into a rattling musketry of small talk on my part, and an occasional monosyllabic reply from him. As the monosyllables properly should have come from me, and as he had not the courage to open fire vigorously, there was no execution done, and matters remained in *statu quo*. He was as stupid as ever, the stove smelt even worse than it had done before, and I went to bed exasperated at the man and almost cursing the stove. I resolved to endure it no longer; and early next morning I sent again for the patentee. He came; I poured out my troubles to him in full; I asserted, argued, appealed. The grand result was—I got a new stove!

I did not quite feel the happy confidence that I had felt the first time, but I hoped for the best. The patentee set it in its place; lighted it; it flamed up! I stood with expectant nostrils, to catch the first faint smell of the varnish, as he called it—kerosene I called it—but it didn't come. I smelt again and again. I went out of the room and into the fresh air and came back, and still no smell. In my delight I executed a sort of Indian dance round the room to express my pleasure; I hoped all acquaintances would come in to witness the success of my experiment. As the afternoon wore away I went back to my radical beliefs, and condemned utterly the people who are always wanting the world to stand still. I determined to make a festival of such a pleasant end of all my trouble, and give the children something more than their usually plain supper. I put on my bonnet and rushed out into the avenue and bought muffins and oysters; and when I came back, finding that I had half an hour of daylight, I sat down and wrote of my troubles and trials and their happy end to my sister in Boston, telling her to get a stove like mine, and giving her the name and address of the maker in New York.

At half past six my little supper was cooked, and just as we were sitting down John came in. I was delighted to see him, and he was delighted that the stove was a success. This was his third visit in a week. What did it mean? He came with a big basket of Thanksgiving goodies, sent by an aunt of his, with a letter desiring that "that poor dear widder, Miss Jones, might have some of 'em." Our simple supper became a feast! I was afraid that the children would make themselves ill, but John, in the kindness of his heart and his fondness for the children (a fondness, by-the-way, that went for a great deal with me), insisted that they should be gratified—and altogether we were quite jubilant. But, alas! our joy was of short duration. The next day was to bring great peril. At about seven in the morning I lighted my stove, and I remember that I turned the wick very low, as I did not intend to get up just then. Once or twice I looked out at the flame and thought the light was peculiar; and at about eight I got up and went into the other room. Instead of a distinct line of fire all round the wick there seemed to be flame entirely filling the cylinder. I at once pressed down the lever entirely that controlled the blaze, fearful of an explosion, and thinking that if there were no wick there would be nothing to feed the flame; but it didn't make any difference—the fire still continued to burn fiercely. I thought it couldn't last long, as there was only the volatile part of the petroleum to burn, and no conductor for it; but, instead of decreasing, the flames grew fiercer, and soon were bursting out all round the cylinder with great, angry tongues, lapping about, and waiting for some material to spend their malice on. I didn't know what to do. I remembered that water would only make the fire from coal-oil more intense. I waited in consternation; I didn't even think to give any alarm, but sternly ordered the children into perfect quiet, and waited.

The air was horrible; our faces and clothes were covered with particles of soot, and every thing in the room was black with it. I saw that the water in the tank, which was supposed to keep the petroleum cool and prevent explosion, was boiling. I thought I might do some good by adding cold water. I moved cautiously to the table, and taking the water-pitcher filled up the tank.

I drew back from the stove only in time to hear a sound which I can't find any word to express: it was more like the whiz of a lighted shell through the air than any thing else. In an instant the room was filled by a sheet of flame touching the ceiling, and likely, it seemed to me, to cover the whole floor. I stood in mute agony. I thought of every thing. Over the mantle hung some pictures, relics of my former happy home, and endeared to me by a thousand recollections. Those I felt must go, even if we saved life. I glanced at my books and papers—my helps to my daily bread—and last, and most agonizing, my dear little children, with this terrible fire raging between them and me and the door. It seemed hours that I stood there! At last there came help.

Through the smoke and the flame I saw him come in at the door; I saw his look of astonishment; I saw the flash of his eyes when I called out to him, "Help, John, help!" He dashed into the little room adjoining my own, which I used as a bedroom for my boy, and soon reappeared with a blanket. In an instant more he was battling with the flames, and in a few minutes more he had subdued them. As the last flash of flame died away, and the danger was over, the artificial strength of excitement failed me, and I asserted my sex by fainting away in John's arms! He actually had the courage to put 'em out to catch me, and for five minutes I lay in his arms. I don't know what he did to restore me, but at length I came to, to bend my eyes languishingly on him; and then, turning them to the door, I saw standing there my bland and smiling fiend! the patentee!

I could not speak. I was too full for utterance. I could only point with silent indignation at the ruin he had made. He glanced at it sideways, and then at me in the same way.

"Guess you had the wick too high."

Something exasperated me about the sentence and the way he said it: his manner was not only provokingly assured, but had a way with it that said, as plainly as words, "This is your fault, and you are the one to pay the penalty." But with an effort I only answered,

"No! I'm sure I put it down all the way as soon as the blaze began."

He squatted before the stove, and, with his hands on his knees, took another look at the dilapidated patent.

"Guess you had the wick too high," he repeated.

Not a tone was changed, but the man's manner as he looked up at me was full of the deliberate impudence of a man who knows he has only a woman against him. I trembled a little, but more with anger than any thing else.

"I don't know whether you doubt my word, but I distinctly remember turning the wick down; and it is down now, as you may see."

"Guess you had the wick too high," was all the fellow answered, with an indescribably insulting air of indifference.

The full impotence of my sex came over me like a wave, and I burst into tears as he made a movement to rise. Never was movement more needless. A strong hand on his collar helped him to his feet with a shake that made the furniture rattle all over the room, and John Gray, fairly blazing and nearly speechless with rage, exclaimed:

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?"

And all the while he shook the individual in question at a rate that effectually precluded any answer whatever.

The preparations for kicking the fiend down stairs were progressing with alarming rapidity when, in a momentary pause to aim the avenging boot, his imperturbable impertinence found breath to put in a remark that saved him on the brink of his *facilis descensus:*

"What are you a-doin' this fur? You ain't her husband!"

John was fairly staggered, and dropped the fellow as if he had been one of his own stoves on fire. He looked at me; he looked at the man; he blushed; he trembled; and then stammered out:

"N-no—I'm not her—her—husband, but—"

"But he's going to be," I exclaimed, my fury again getting the better of me; "and you had better pack yourself off, and your confounded old stove with you."

The murder was out; it flashed upon me the next instant with a blush that tingled to my finger-tips. The moment after John Gray's face lit up with a glory of love, his courage came back to him, and the strong arms opened, and blush and tears and all were hidden on his breast and wiped away in his kisses.

I don't know how the artist got down the stairs. About ten seconds afterward he had gone. We don't use his patent in our house now; we find a furnace preferable on the whole, though we have a wood-fire for cheerfulness in the library. When the early winter nightfall comes on, and we sit by the rich fire-light that is so much nicer than gas, John Gray—*my* John, you know—looks down into my soul, as I sit on the low ottoman beside him, with those great dear eyes of his, and says:

"After all, darling, that wasn't such a bad speculation of yours in oil!"

MY ULTIMATUM.

WHO talks to me of "giving up"—
Of lying down despairing?
Who says the bitter in his cup
Is bitter past the bearing?
For *me*, I feel the thing to do
(Let fate be hard or tender)
Is—like *La Garde* at Waterloo—
To die and not surrender.

What fierce encounters I have had,
Escapes how very narrow!
My first affray was with a lad
Who bore a bow and arrow.
If I should ever fight again
That old and young offender,
I see my course before me plain—
To die and not surrender.

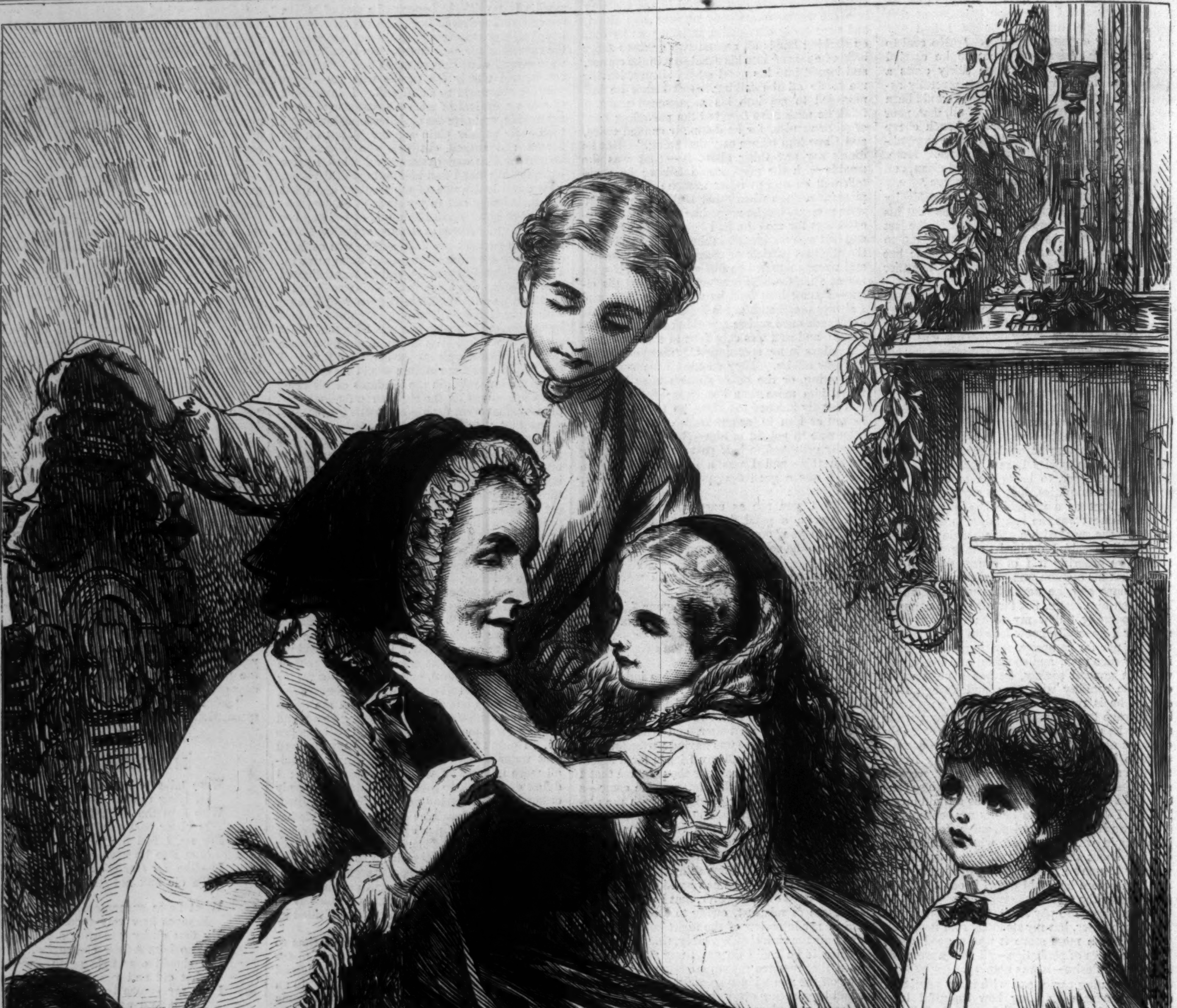
And then I ran a race to snatch
A laurel from Apollo,
Whom very few contrive to catch,
And very many follow.
Amid the throng of sons of song,
The bards of either gender—
E'en yet I pant and limp along—
To die and not surrender.

I strove with Plutus day and night,
But left the fray in dudgeon;
And now I wage a fiercer fight
With Tempus, old curmudgeon.
Go on, Destroyer!—*you* destroy,
And Art shall be the mender.
Gray hair?—I'll get a wig, my boy,
Or *dye* and not surrender!

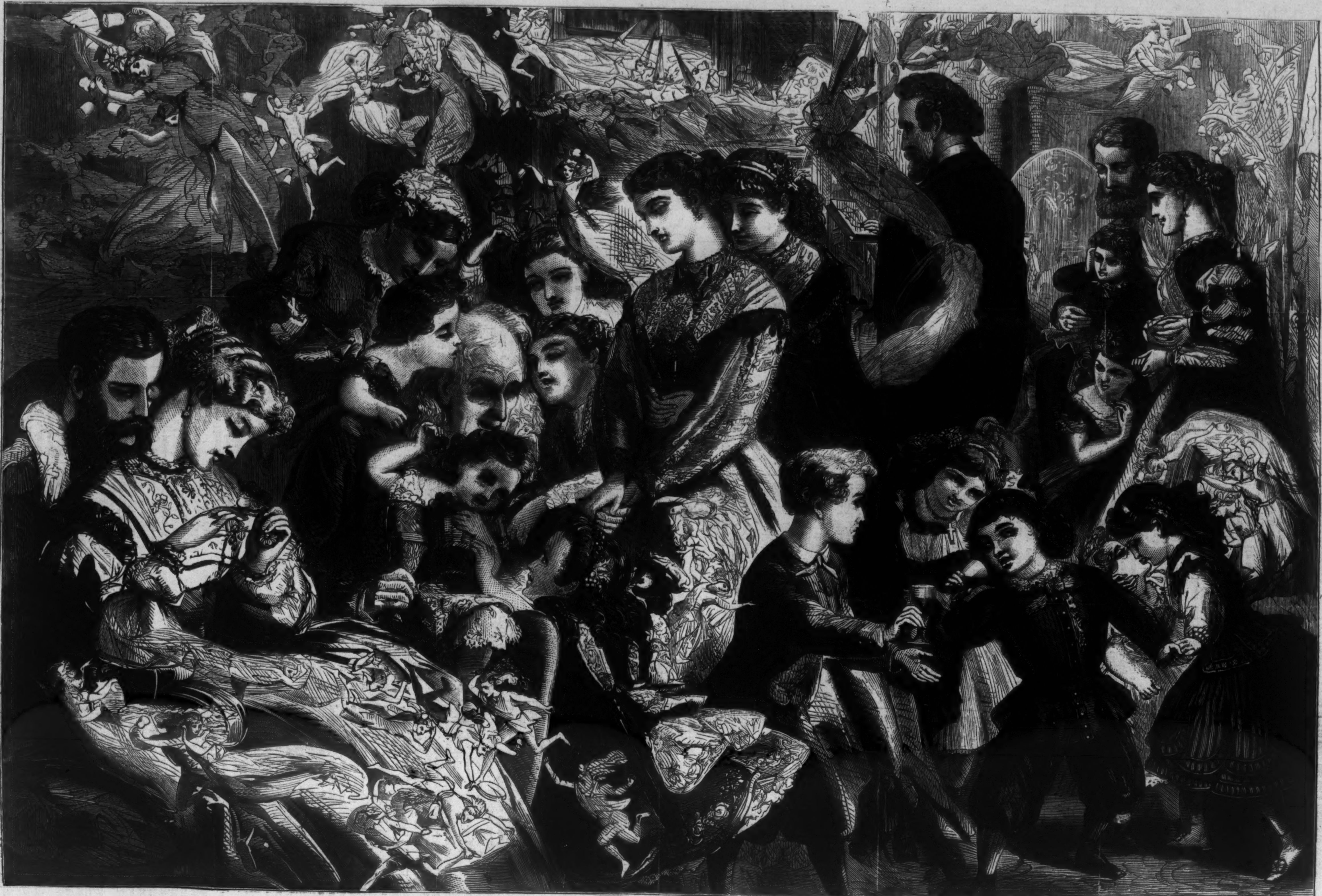
"GRANDMAMMA IS COME."

THE most popular character of a household is, after all that is said of filial affection and duty, not infrequently the grandmother, particularly if she lives at a distance. She is associated with all of the home pleasure, and none of those home restrictions which, no matter how wholesome, are never rightly appreciated by children. They hear her spoken of only with respect and love; and when she comes her visit is anticipated for days, and preceded by unusual preparations, and is invariably accompanied by gifts and "goodies." The poet had a true sense of the importance of grandmamma when he wrote thus:

Just see the fuss the children make;
With what keen longings of delight,
When grandmamma's away, they yearn
With love's desire for her return.
The boys, with many a loud hurrah,
Squeal of fife and beat of drum,
And now and then a boisterous shout,
Give warmest welcome to grandma;
Alf's clear voice shrilly ringing out,
Through all the hubbub and the hum,
"Look sharp there—grandmamma is come!"
And the first kindly greetings o'er,
What confidences, to be sure,
Are interchanged! It is so nice
To have wise talk not cold advice,
And girls so love in loving ears
Freely to pour their hopes and fears.
'Tis strange, indeed, how extremes meet—
Zenith anon is 'neath our feet—
Due east and west meet face to face—
In distance earth and heaven embrace.
Ah! youth and age how blessed sweet,
When life's extremest points thus meet.
Oh, proud prerogative of age,
The hearts of children to engage:
Oh, prouder privilege of youth,
To learn from age's lips the truth,
Distilled from loving wisdom's ruth!



"GRANDMOTHER'S COME!"—[SEE PAGE 39.]



DAY-DREAMS OF THE PAST.—[See Page 42.]

DAY-DREAMS OF THE PAST.

The artist of our charming engraving on page 41 has, and not without good taste, made his drawing somewhat of the nature of our day-dreams—a little mixed and incongruous, but not indefinite. He has thrown upon his canvas the numerous faces and figures and fancies which decorate it with a free and careless hand, and the picture which has resulted is as charming and fascinating as are these day-dreams in which we often allow our imaginations to revel unrestrained. The old head in the centre of the engraving is supposed to have given his fancy free scope in dreams of the past; and he has been overwhelmed with visions of youthful sports and pastimes, the beauties he has known and loved, the scenes he has witnessed and enjoyed; the pleasures and joys of life, indeed, are recalled to his mind, and his day-dreams become indeed "visions of beauty" not only to himself but to the reader who gazes on the picture.

THE TIME WILL COME.

"The time will come!" these simple words
A world of varied meaning tell—
Now merry as the song of birds,
Now mournful as a passing bell.
The child—who longing to be free
To roam the sunny woods and fields,
Where rippling streams flow on in glee,
And Nature store of fragrance yields—
When all his heart makes holiday,
And bees o'er blooming flow'rets hum,
Doth, hopeful of his freedom, say,
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!" aspiring cries,
With throbbing heart and soul aflame,
The ardent youth who vows to rise
Till he has won an envied name,
When his renown aloft shall shine
Like some proud star above the sea,
To all the world a brilliant sign
That he hath gain'd the victory:
For ever to his eager soul,
Like sound of "spirit-stirring drum,"
These accents, full of promise, roll—
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!" the maiden fair
Has murmur'd, in her bloom of youth,
In hope the future time to share
With one who vow'd her life-long truth.
Alas, alas, that such things are!
Her idol proves but worthless clay,
Who, deeming gold more precious far,
Her priceless love has cast away.
But shall he scathless do this deed?
No, conscience never will be dumb;
For him repentance shall succeed;
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come," the patriot cries,
"When men shall do me justice here;
Which though my native land denies,
Not less is she my country dear.
When force and fraud would trample low
Her liberties amid the dust,
My life-blood in her cause shall flow,
And prove me worthy of her trust.
Those hearts shall do me justice then
That Falsehood now has stricken numb,
Yet shall they rise to truth again:
The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!"—a captive's hope,
Who, gazing through his prison-bars,
Surveys the distant azure cope
Where shine the soft and pitying stars.
He thinks of home, and those who pine
To hold him to their hearts once more;
Where wife and children's pray'rs combine
To hail his cruel bondage o'er.
Though, haply, Death alone may be
His liberator, yet the sum
Of all his hopes thus whispers he—
"The time will come—the time will come!"

"The time will come!" the weary heart,
Worn by its conflict with the world,
Sighs, as though longing to depart
For realms where Sorrow's wings are furl'd,
Where Falsehood can not enter in,
Where love and friendship ne'er grow cold,
But perfect truth and beauty win
Each heart within their tender fold.
To meet again the loved and lost,
To hear those tones Death bade be dumb,
We pray—though here so tempest-tost—
"The time will come—the time will come!"

LETTERS PATENT.

Ruth Kendall stood in the doorway of her mother's cottage, her plump, shapely figure clearly defined in the lingering glow of sunset, and her face turned aside, looking down the street to where the path wound over the brow of the hill and disappeared. It was a face not handsome or even noticeable but for the mouth, which in some way centred and expressed all the other features. The firm line of Ruth's closed lips meant a strong, practical nature, but equal possibilities of womanly sweetness and tenderness were suggested by the flexile curves into which it broke as she spoke or smiled. It was a young, fresh face, of one little tried as yet, save by the common frictions of life, but whom any great test-strain of duty or suffering would not find unprepared—who could die for her ideal of right if need were, or live for it, which is sometimes the harder thing to do. Country-born and reared, Ruth's winsomeness was that of the good heart, without which the best results of breeding and culture are of little worth. She was not without [illegible] of romance, either; and was, in her way, as true a hero-worshiper as any maiden of the old Greek and Roman times.

Ruth's hero was Mark Barton. Their very unlikeness had drawn them together, like the attraction between opposite magnetic poles. How often, in their old school-days, she had looked on in a maze of admiration while the shy, dark-haired boy, sitting apart from his noisy mates in the long noon-time, whittled out little wheels and shafts, and pulleys, or fitted odd bits of wood together with persistent patience—a restless fire burning in his black eyes.

Genius is often but a sorrowful gift to poverty. Mark Barton had struggled up through an orphaned boyhood and a lonely youth to a manhood bare, as yet, of most of those accessories to ease and comfort which men strive after. Others, who, like him, had their own way to make, were already settling in life with fair prospects; but how much nearer was Mark's work to any tangible result, capable of exchange into home and fireside currency, than when he and Ruth were first engaged three years ago?

Meanwhile some ridiculed and more blamed him. It availed little to soften the stern judgment of men of shrewd, practical common-sense that one half his small room was crammed with books whose contents had been transferred to his own busy brain, while all around were strewn parts of models, and the complicated tools of a mechanician. Their disapproval was all the more grave that one who had learned so much should know so little. Such labor was only a refined sort of idleness—"shiftlessness" in the expressive local phrase. "A poor horse that can't carry his own provender," they said, looking at Mark's thin cheeks and threadbare dress. But Ruth—

> "Her faith is fixed and can not move,
> She darkly feels him great and wise,
> She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
> 'I can not understand; I love.'"

This cheery-faced girl, waiting in the twilight for her tardy lover, cared little for the sneers or pity of those who might misjudge him. She saw him coming at last, but so slowly and wearily that she hurried out to meet him, in a fright lest he were ill.

"No, not sick," he said, in answer to her anxious question; then he added, in a voice that could not make itself quite steady, "It's all wrong, Ruth!"

"What is wrong, Mark?"

"The machine; oh, Ruth, to fail now, when I have worked at this so long!"

"Fail! Why, Mark!" said Ruth, laying her hand on his arm with a swift, caressing motion, "that's a new word for you, dear! Besides, how often I've heard mother say that finding out where one is wrong is the very next thing to being right."

"It is not that, Ruth. My principle is a true one, and I know that in time I could find out some way to obviate this defective working; but Ruth—I hardly dare to tell you—I have spent more than my last cent on this model, and how I'm to pay my debts, even, without selling my books, I really can not tell. It was pure presumption to go on so; but I was so sure of success this time, and you know what success meant for you and me."

He paused a moment, then he said, impetuously:

"You had best give me up, Ruth; I'm not worth the waiting for!"

Her hand was on his lips.

"Don't, Mark!" she said. "Come indoors, there's no one here."

They went in; she drew him into a chair and sat down beside him, holding his hand.

"Mark, how much money do you need to pay these debts and go on with your work?"

"More than I shall be likely to see very soon, little woman," he answered, trying to speak cheerfully.

"Would five hundred dollars be enough?"

"Five hundred? What would not five hundred dollars do? But why do you ask? Your eyes shine as if you had found the philosopher's stone."

"It's just as well for you as if I had!" said Ruth, wisely; "you shall have that sum to-morrow—to-night, if you wish it!"

"Ruth!"

"Mark, dear, I have a secret; it's the first one I ever kept from you. You've heard me speak of uncle Roger, haven't you? Though, indeed, I don't remember him very well myself. He died a year ago, in California, and left me in his will five hundred dollars. I meant to surprise you with it, and not come to you quite empty-handed, when—when we are married, Mark. But it will do us both a great deal more good now than then, and— Oh, Mark, I'm so glad!"

Little, practical Ruth broke down, and hid her face in her hands.

"My darling girl!" cried Mark, lifting her face till he could look into her tearful eyes; "you don't think I could take that money?"

"Oh, Mark! indeed, indeed I do!"

"But I can not; it would not be manly or even right."

"Mark, listen to me!" Ruth was speaking now with a calm authority that forced him to hear. "Are there any questions of worldly usage between you and me? Are not our interests one? Can any good fortune come to you and not be mine too? Can you want to build up a home any more than I long to try to make it a happy one for you? Does it make any difference whether you or I use that money, or when, only as one or the other can do the best with it for both of us?"

"I will take it," said Mark, solemnly, "and may God prosper me as I shall use it for us both!"

"Going to be married, eh! Ruth?" said Judge Markham next day, as Ruth presented the note he had given her for the amount of her little legacy.

"No, Sir; not yet."

"Well, well, child! It's none of my business what you want with your money"—signing a check and giving it to her with a glance at her scarlet cheeks—"here it is, interest and all; but it's my advice to you, and no fee asked, not to invest it too deeply with that hare-brained lover of yours."

Ruth drew her little figure up with sudden dignity.

"I'm much obliged to you, Judge Markham," she said, and went out, the current of her joy too deep and strong to be disturbed by any passing ripple of vexation.

Full of new courage, and with every nerve of hand and brain tensely straining for action, Mark closed his little work-shop, and went into the city, that he might have increased advantages for study, and be able to superintend in person the construction of a new model.

Will Trafton, confidential clerk in the house of "Wilkes & Brown," had been Mark Barton's playmate in childhood. Meeting Mark on the street one day, he greeted him with the familiarity of old acquaintance, and at parting asked his address.

"I shall drop in upon you at my first spare hour," he said, when it had been given.

"Thank you, Will; but you won't find me very sociably inclined—I have other business."

"That's cool, decidedly; but you were always an odd chap, and I sha'n't be vexed with you. I shall come all the same."

Trafton was as good as his word. Again and again his calls broke in upon Mark's hours of close application; but despite all hindrances his work went steadily onward. One by one the difficulties seemed to clear away before the perfection of his plan, and the future shone with the golden promise of success.

One day Trafton came in, bringing a friend with him, a Mr. Everett—"a man," according to Will's graphic introduction, "after your own heart, Barton—can read your wheels, big and little, like a book; knows more of every thing worth knowing in five minutes than a good-for-naught like me in a lifetime!"

Mark caught the fascinating smile with which Everett held out his hand; and the annoyance he had felt at the first entrance of his visitors was dissipated at once. To be appreciated was a very new and charming sensation to one who had worked all his life under a cloud of censure and misconstruction. Here was a man, every line of whose face showed intellect and culture, with the air of one well-versed in men and things, meeting him, the poor, toiling inventor, with all the fine courtesy due an equal. If Mark had been a better physiognomist he might have thought the face wanted heart; as it was, he felt no lack. The hour passed delightfully, and when Everett said at leaving, "I am very thankful to my friend Trafton for so pleasant an acquaintance—shall I dare to intrude again?" Mark answered, warmly, "I shall always be glad to see you."

Before many weeks had passed Everett had come to be a daily visitor, holding a place in Mark's confidence which no other man had ever occupied. He entered with wonderful interest into all the plans of the young mechanist, and was as familiar with the complicated idea of the invention from which Mark hoped so much, as its author himself. All the minor difficulties which temporarily obstructed the general design had been laid before him, as also the various ways by which Mark expected to accomplish their removal.

Ruth Kendall, in her little room at home, wept tears of joyful pride over the glowing letters which chronicled at once the progress of the model and the growth of the new friendship.

Meanwhile the visits of Will Trafton to Mark's little study became less frequent. But if Mark himself was too much preoccupied to notice the cloud which seemed to be darkening across his friend's gay good-humor, and the furtive expression which his eyes took on sometimes, as of one ill at ease with himself, and suspicious of the distrust of others, Everett was less blind. "Something is going seriously wrong with Trafton," he decided with quiet certainty, and set himself the task of finding out the cause.

"Everett leaves town to-morrow," wrote Mark to Ruth one day; "a sudden call of business—may be absent indefinitely. I scarcely dare to think how much I shall miss him."

At last Mark's great work was done. The model was complete and stood before him the child of his own brain, perfect in adaptation, faultless in working.

All other emotions seemed swallowed up in the full assurance of victory, and the thought of what that victory would be to the faithful heart that had waited and loved and trusted so long. Nothing now remained but to secure his patent, and the road to fame and fortune—nay, better far, to home and love—seemed open. Having taken the necessary steps through a friend at Washington toward presenting his claim at the Patent Office, he still remained in the city awaiting further information. One night there came a telegram, brief but comprehensive:

> "You are too late. A patent was granted only two weeks ago to James Everett—model almost identical with yours. Claim was rushed through."

Mark never knew how long he sat without word or motion. Even the power of thought seemed leaving him. He was conscious of but two emotions, the utter desolation of having been betrayed by his friend, and an intense longing for Ruth. At last he rose mechanically, and went out. He moved on aimlessly, turning corner after corner, until suddenly he heard the dizzy rush of a fire-engine past him, and found himself confused with a crowd surrounding a burning building. There was a cry of "The roof! the roof!" and the throng surged backward, as the whole structure fell in with a crash, throwing its blazing timbers out into the street. Mark heard something hiss toward him through the air, and fell blackened and bleeding under the feet of the people.

"Where am I?" It was Mark who spoke, looking about him feebly and uncertainly, as if groping for the lost thread of reason and memory.

"Here, Mark—at home."

"Oh, Ruth! is it you?" and at sight of her tender face bending over him, the past rushed upon him like a flood, and his scarred face contracted in a spasm of pain.

"It is I, Mark dear! but you must not talk—you are too weak."

"But tell me how I came here. I was hurt—I remember. Where did you find me, Ruth?"

"In the hospital, dear. You were carried there, and we found it out by the newspaper. So we went for you, brother John and I. You were very wild then, and the surgeons thought you would never be any better; but I knew that mother and I could nurse you. And now you are so much better—almost well!" She spoke eagerly, as if trying to persuade herself also.

"Now, Mark, not one word more!" she said, as he essayed to speak; "you must try to sleep."

"You won't leave me, Ruth?"

"I never leave you!" with a look more eloquent than words. He lay for a long time with closed eyes; then he said weakly, "Ruth!"

"Yes, Mark."

"You know about it?"

"Yes, dear; I found the dispatch in your pocket. But you must not think of it now!"

"But I *must!*" he answered with sudden energy. "Ruth, it's all gone! Your money—my faith in humanity—our home that was to be!"

"No, no! Never say it, Mark!" What a subtle magnetism infused itself into his tired brain from the tender touches of her finger-tips! "Not gone! my love! We have all these and more in our trust in God and in each other. Let that man take your work—it does not make it his! The victory is yours—God gave it to you, and with it that larger patent which He grants to His nobility!"

Mark's convalescence, so long delayed, was now proportionally rapid. His disease had been more the result of extreme mental exhaustion than the mere physical effect of the blow which was its immediate cause. The healthful tone once re-established, he steadily gained strength. As he became able to think connectedly, his mind was constantly occupied with the question of the possibility of successfully contesting his claim with his false friend. One plan after another was entertained and rejected for want of some necessary link in the chain of evidence. He was astounded now at his own lack of foresight in neglecting to file a "*caveat*," which would have served him as a partial protection. He determined, at last, so soon as he should be able, to lay the whole matter before a competent attorney, and abide by his decision of the possibilities of the case.

There was a sharp rap at the door one evening, and when Ruth opened it, Will Trafton stood there and asked anxiously for Mark. She showed him into the inner room, and left the two alone. Mark's surprise at Trafton's unexpected visit was more than equaled by his wonder at the change visible in him. Indeed, he scarcely recognized him at first, so utterly worn and haggard was his face, and every gesture so eloquent of discouragement mingled with a desperate determination to brave the worst. He would not take Mark's proffered hand.

"No, no!" he said, "if you knew all, you would not offer it. I've been a perjured traitor at heart, though I am glad for your sake, Mark, that I have not gone too far to turn back. Mark, God knows that when I first brought Everett to see you I thought he was an honest man. I believed in him just as freely as you afterward did. I never had a suspicion of what he meant to do until—"

"Why, Will!" interrupted Mark, "I never blamed *you!*"

"Hear me out! I had taken to bad ways—I was always so powerless against temptation!" he groaned. "I lived beyond my salary, and when every thing was on the brink of an exposure that would have lost me my situation and sent me away disgraced, Everett gained my confidence and saved me. It happened more than once, and at last, when I was deeply in debt to him, and could not pay, and was almost wholly in his power in other ways, he sprung this villainous plan of his upon me, and by dint of promises and threats made me pledge myself, in case you should contest the patent, to help him by giving such testimony as he should dictate. There, Mark! you know it now, and I never can tell you what tortures I have suffered for it!" He buried his face in his hands with a great sob; then he lifted it again, and went on with nervous eagerness: "But, Mark, your case can be made clear as day. In the first place, you can prove by some one here how long ago you began work on your first plan, can't you?"

"Yes, by Ruth and others."

"Well, there's Bill Cleevy, the janitor of the building where you were, who will swear to Everett's being in your room so much. Better than that, I found out, by accident, where Everett had his model made. It was at some works in Philadelphia. I had to go there the other day on some business for Mr. Brown, and I went to see the man who made it. I suppose you will call it a providence, Mark, that in an old waste-basket we found a sheet of written instructions in *your own handwriting*, which Everett had given him. Then add my testimony to all the rest, and there can be no possibility of failure."

Mark was weak yet, and the shock was almost too great for him. A few tears, which he was not ashamed to shed, rolled down his cheeks. He held out both hands to Will, who took them now with an entreaty for forgiveness, which was met before half uttered.

There is little need to tell what the reader has guessed already; how the Commissioner of Patents tried the case, deciding it in favor of the real inventor; how the proceeds of Mark's first sale were devoted, in part, to annihilating the baffled Everett's last hold upon Will Trafton, who emerged from the terrible shadow of his temptations and failures, having learned a lesson which would make him all his life a stronger and a better man; how there was a wedding in the country church, where all the town crowded to see, and Judge Markham gave away the bride; how not a few, who sneered at the poor inventor while the issue of his experiments trembled in the balance, now ask his counsel and patronage; how wealth has been to him no excuse for a vainglorious idleness, but the prosperous, happy years come and go, finding and leaving him a tireless investigator, a lover of truth for its own sake, a simple, earnest worker for God and man.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NOT unfrequently some heroic deed, performed by some humble but noble spirit, comes to the notice of the public for a brief moment, and awakens a thrill of admiration. But it is soon swallowed up in the great vortex of daily news, and passes into oblivion. A good deed, worthy of remembrance and praise, was witnessed a week or two ago near Pier 12, North River. A one-armed soldier, attempting to throw a line to a vessel, lost his balance and fell overboard. Unable to sustain himself he had sunk twice and was just going down for the third time, when a little fellow named John White, who was engaged in selling papers on the dock, dropped his stock in trade, threw off his coat and shoes, and leaped into the water after the man. Being a good swimmer the gallant boy succeeded in holding the head of the maimed veteran above water until assistance was rendered and both were hauled out on the dock. John White deserves to meet with abundant patronage hereafter. And, indeed, news-boys in general exhibit in their daily work a most commendable degree of energy, perseverance, and patience, which many others older and wiser might imitate.

There is an opening for an inventor. An exchange says there has been too much of "the roasting business," and that stoves and coal-oil should be thrown out of railroad cars. Can not a safe mode of heating and lighting cars be discovered? While recent railroad horrors are fresh in the mind, it is well to agitate this question.

We have had some severe weather this winter, and may reasonably expect more. But in Canada the season is said to have been thus far the coldest experienced for eighteen years. Certain citizens of Maine have had some tough experiences. A short time ago a man went to get a piece of corned beef from a barrel. The pickle was frozen hard, and in breaking it with a crow-bar, the cold iron froze his fingers! A woman met with a still more extraordinary disaster. Going with her hands warm and wet from the wash-tub after the clothes-stick in the wood-house, as she was about to take it up her hand was seized and held fast. Looking with some terror to see what strange monster had thus fastened upon her, she found that an iron crow-bar, standing near, had frozen fast to the back of her hand, and not merely held on like grim death, but was apparently drawing her whole arm into its chilling embrace. In her terror she called aloud for water, and her mother, thinking only hot water could be wanted in such weather, came with a dipper full of boiling water!—Fearing that she was about to be scalded as well as frozen, the victim of the crow-bar, which still kept its grip upon her, cried louder than ever for cold water, which being poured upon her hand she was able to tear it away with the loss of the skin, which remained upon the inexorable iron. Her hand was blistered as badly as if it had been burned!

A new article of manufacture has just made its appearance in our market which promises to occupy a wide field. It forms a connecting link between glass and porcelain, extending largely into the domain of each. Its peculiar character is defined by its name—"Hot-cast Porcelain." While containing the ingredients of which porcelain is composed it is worked like glass, and can, like glass, be blown, pressed, or rolled into any desired shape. The reason for naming the new material "Hot-cast Porcelain" is, that it is produced in a single operation while the ingredients are in a state of fusion. The manufacture of this porcelain is at present carried on in a factory of considerable extent in Philadelphia; but a movement is now making to greatly enlarge the production—a number of the leading business men of this city taking a deep interest in it. Samples of the material can be seen at 62 John Street, up stairs.

A most extraordinary story, of the Baron Munchausen style, is told by a fireman who describes how he rescued a child from a burning house. He was on the fourth floor, and fire had cut off all means of escape inside. The fireman called to the man who held the hose to turn on his largest stream. When the stream reached the window the fireman took the child in one arm, and clasping his legs and his free arm round the stream, slid safely down to the pavement.

A young woman living in Indiana, who is about seventeen years of age, has been the subject of a remarkable trance, which lasted twelve hours. She had been ill, and to all appearance died. Preparations were made for her funeral, but as the body retained its warmth it was delayed. When consciousness returned the girl told strange stories of her visit to other worlds, and of those she saw in heaven and hell. She also said she should have another trance, which happened as she foretold. During this strange phenomenon she appeared to be dead, but the pulse beat faintly and the body was not entirely cold. All sensation was gone. The girl is uneducated, but has always borne a good character for truthfulness, and is a member of the church. The physician in attendance is positive as to her condition during the whole time, and had it not been for him she would have been buried alive.

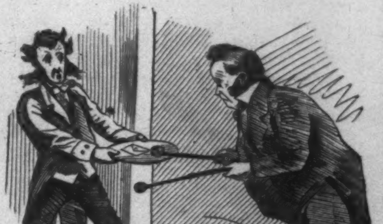
Illinois is a remarkable State, and contrives to startle the world with its strange proceedings pretty often. One of the latest sensations is the sale of a husband by a jealous wife. The lady in question finding that another woman was planning to elope with her husband, thought she ought to be paid for him! This was considered fair, and the man was valued at $120—doubtless more than he was worth. The money was paid, the various parties seemed satisfied, and the man departed with his new companion.

Skating is an ancient amusement, having originated probably at some unknown period among the dykes of Holland. It was first introduced into London about two hundred years ago, and was practiced by the cavaliers of St. James's Park as a great novelty. As to skates, they have undergone wonderful changes—the Icelanders used the shank-bone of a deer or a sheep; and in a description of ancient customs in London it is remarked: "When the great fenn or moore (which watereth the walls of the citie on the north sides) is frozen, many young men play upon the yce, and sliding swiftly. Some tye bones to their feete under their heeles, and shoving themselves by a little pick staffe, slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a cross-bow." Time and ingenuity have wrought great changes, and the skates of to-day are highly finished articles, and command a high price.

In Philadelphia—and the fashion will soon be in New York—if it did not originate here—burglars are traveling around as peddlers, offering for sale a paste for burnishing silver. They produce the paste, and offer to polish the silver-ware for nothing, by which means they are enabled to know what silver is in the place they visit, and where it is kept. It is the height of the season for burglars now, and good care should be taken not to give them any special facilities.

A second Yelverton case has been brought up in London. One Sir Eardley married a New York lady in 1859, and she being still living, he has recently married an English lady. It was shown that the marriage in New York took place in Calvary Church in the presence of many witnesses. Sir Eardley, defended by eminent counsel, contended that the marriage was illegal, but the magistrate committed him without bail to take his trial. Sir Eardley seems to have imagined that he could repudiate his New York marriage because there was no ceremony before the British Consul. A very little investigation will convince English lords and lawyers that the law of New York does not suffer wives to be repudiated on the ground of a trivial irregularity in the marriage ceremony. In England, to be sure, if a man tucks in an extra letter as he signs his name to the marriage record, if the ceremony is not performed between certain established hours, and in certain established places, and according to certain established rules, why, when he wants a change of life, he finds it very easy to pick a flaw in the performance, and to have the marriage declared null and void. Not so in this State. As was shown in a recent case in the Court of Appeals, there may be a valid marriage in this State though not formally solemnized by a clergyman or consent declared before a magistrate. If parties, competent to contract, in the presence of witnesses agree together to be husband and wife, and afterward recognize each other as such, it is a sufficient marriage to sustain an indictment for bigamy in the event of one of the parties having before that time married another who is still living. Marriage in this State is a civil contract, and does not require the intervention of a minister or magistrate to make it legal. And although certain religious ceremonies are highly desirable and appropriate in connection with marriage, it is also desirable that the exact law be known, so that no one may be deprived of just rights through a false representation or construction of it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



WHAT THE RECENT FENIAN EXPLOSIVE LETTERS HAVE CAUSED.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.

1. Never try to skate in two directions at once. It always ends in sorrow.
2. Eat a few apples for refreshment sake while skating, and be sure to throw the cores on the ice.
3. Sit down occasionally, no matter where. There is no law to prevent a new beginner from sitting down whenever he has an inclination to do so.
4. When you meet a particularly handsome lady try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is very pretty, and sure to create a sensation.
5. Skate over all the small boys at once.
6. If you skate into a hole in the ice take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water was boiling hot.
7. If your skates are too slippery buy a new pair. Keep buying new pairs till you find a pair that are not slippery.
8. In sitting down do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you might break the ice.
9. When you fall headlong examine the straps of your skates very carefully before you get up.
10. Wear a heavy over-coat or cloak till you get thoroughly warmed up, and then throw it off and let the wind cool you.
11. After you get so that you can skate tolerably well skate three or four hours—skate frantically—skate till you can't stand up.

WHERE TO LIVE.

All good man should live in Archangel; all angry men in Ireland.

All murderers in Kildare; all circus-men in Somerset.

All brokers in Stockholm; all cold men in Chili.

All geometricians in Cuba; all fools in Folly Island.

All horticulturists in Botany Bay; all wags in the Bay of Fundy.

All perfumers in Muscat or Cologne; all brewers in Malta.

All gluttons in Turkey; all beggars in Hungary.

All laconic men in Laconia; all mourners in Siberia or Wales.

All confectioners in Candia: all children in the Crimea.

All oil-speculators in Greece; all gamblers in the Faroe Isles.

All stumblers in Tripoli; all curious men in Pekin.

All shoemakers in Bootan; all soldiers in Armenia or Warsaw.

CABINET CURIOSITIES.—Mr. Seward having purchased an iceberg, and secured the refusal of an earthquake, proceeds to negotiate for a volcano.

What nose is more brilliant than the toper's nose? Why, volca—no's, to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the "crater."

REFLECTIONS IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

Rich notes from a contralto voice,
  Loving, laughing eyes,
Some one list'ning to those notes—
  Sunlight in the skies.

Sad notes from a contralto voice,
  Tear-drops in the eyes,
None to listen to those notes—
  Twilight in those skies.

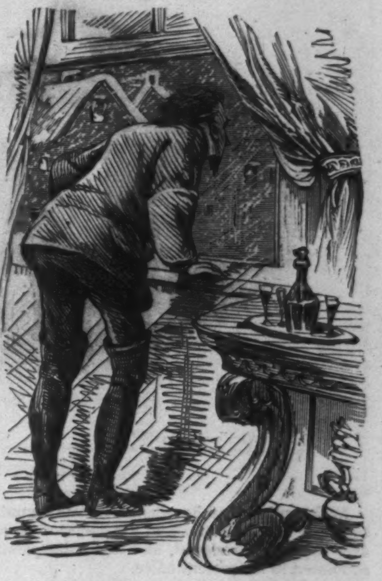
No sound from that contralto voice,
  Closed for aye those eyes,
Some one pining for those notes—
  Darkness in the skies.

Glad notes from a contralto voice,
  Glory in those eyes,
Some one dreaming hears those notes—
  Dawn is in the skies.

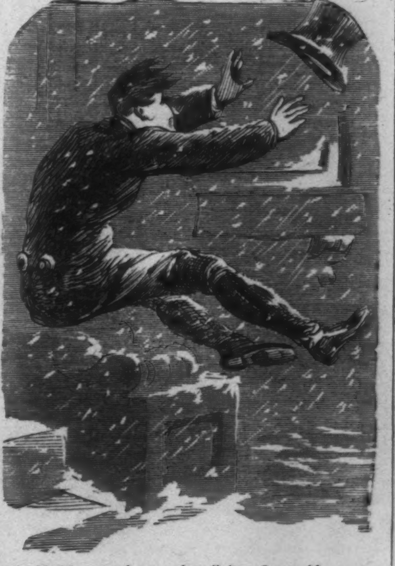
An ancient rhyme divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy,
  Little and loud,
Fair and foolish,
  Dark and proud.

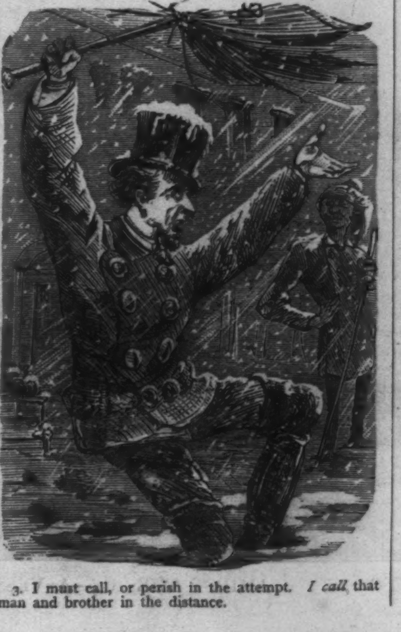
MY NEW-YEAR'S CALL.



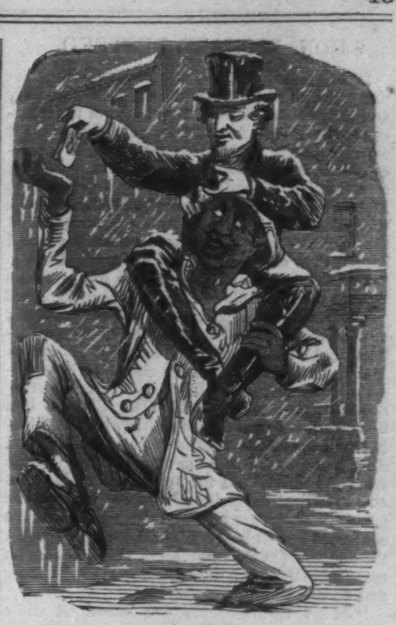
1. It isn't very tempting out. No cabs any where; but I must call on Penelope.



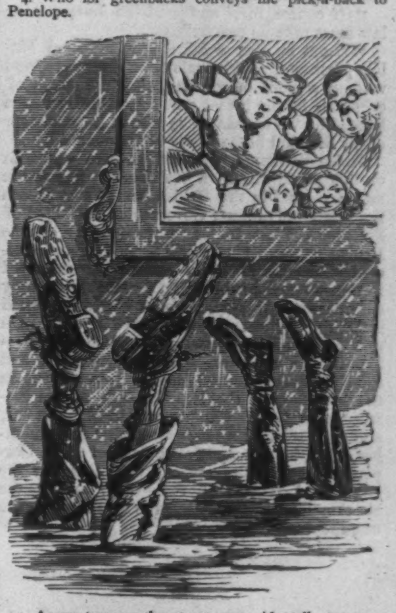
2. She'd never forgive the slight. It would prove a fearful blow.



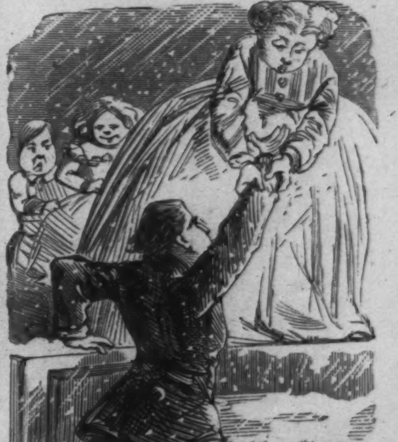
3. I must call, or perish in the attempt. *I call* that man and brother in the distance.



4. Who for greenbacks conveys me pick-a-back to Penelope.



5. As we turn up the street we accidentally turn up. Horror of Penelope.



6. Rescued by the hand of Love, I achieve my New-Year's Call.

THE "TIMES" ON THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

During the Civil War in America.—The idea is simply preposterous. That such claims for a moment should be entertained by a civilized power, only too clearly demonstrates, etc., etc., etc.

After the Conclusion of Peace.—We have already expressed our opinion on the *Alabama* difficulty, and though, perhaps, according to the strict letter of international law, a violation of rights has been committed; yet, etc., etc., etc.

Upon Application from the Government of the United States.—There is, after all, a great deal to be said in favor of the American view of this question. At the same time the dignity of this country, etc.

After the Fenian Raid in Canada.—The sooner this matter is settled the better.

On Receipt of Peremptory Demands from Washington.—John Bull is not the sort of individual to fight about L. S. D. A graceful concession, etc., etc.

The Result of Mr. Seward's Last Communication.—Don't hit us, please. We won't do so again. How much is there to pay? Booh-ooh-ooh! We're *so* sorry!

Love is a pearl of purest hue,
  But stormy waves are round it,
And dearly may a woman rue
  The hour that first she found it.

One of a party of musical friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "that song always carries me away when I hear it." "Can any one sing it?" asked Jerrold.

HON. RICHARD BUSTEED.

It was hoped that the race of Southern assassins had died with Booth and the slave oligarchy, and that we should never again hear of the hanging or shooting of Northern men and Government officials for the reason that they were of Northern birth and official position. The attempted assassination of Judge Richard Busteed, at Mobile, shows that this ignoble and mean spirit which leads men to resort to the commission of the highest crime to "preserve their honor and sustain their character" is not yet crushed out.

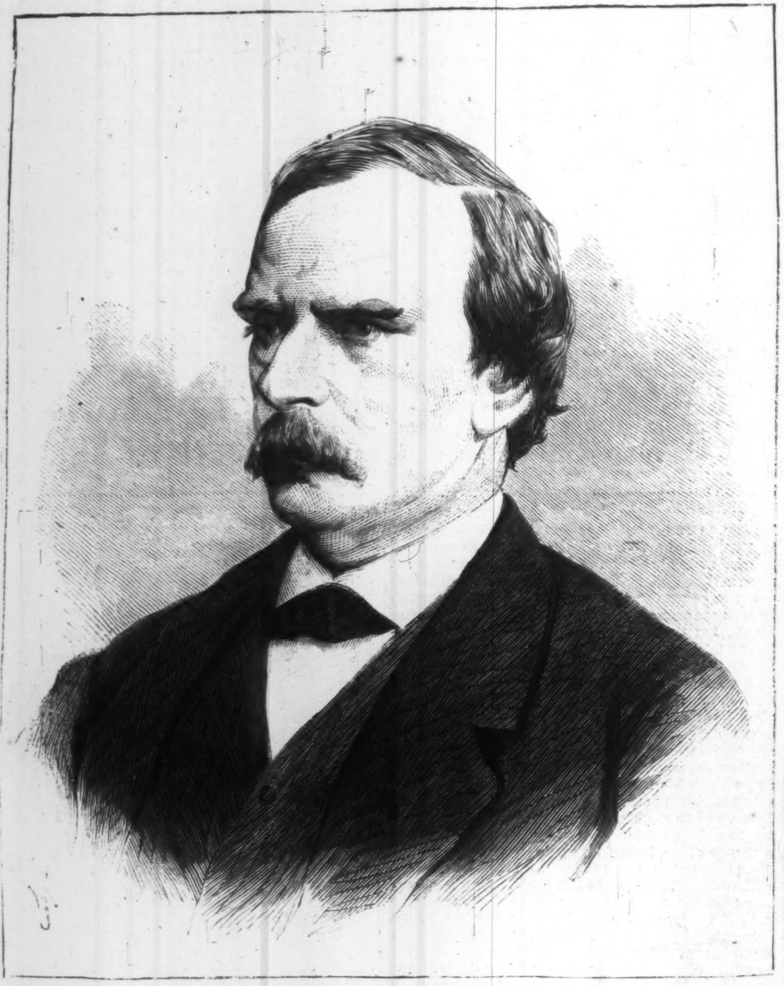
The facts of the attempt on the life of Judge Busteed are as follows: He has been for some years Judge, by appointment of Mr. Lincoln, of the United States Court for the Southern District of Alabama, and on December 28 was in Mobile in attendance on his court. The assassin who attempted his life is L. V. B. Martin, the District Attorney at Mobile. Charges had been preferred in Judge Busteed's court against Martin for malfeasance in office, and the Grand Jury had found a true bill against him. Judge Busteed refused, on the application of Martin and his friends, persistently made, to stay the proceedings against him, and thereupon Martin conceived that he had just cause of anger against the Judge. On the morning of December 28 he met Judge Busteed near the Mobile Post-Office, and accosted him by saying:

"Judge Busteed, do you intend to allow that indictment against me to take its course?"

"Of course, Sir," answered the Judge, "the law must take its course."

Without another word, the duly-elected Mobile prosecutor of criminals drew a revolver, and without a word of warning, shot the judge of criminals in the breast and subsequently in the leg. The victim has since lain in great danger of his life, and his recovery is yet doubtful.

Judge Busteed, of whom we give a portrait on this page, was born in Ireland. His father was a colonel in the British army, and at one time civil and military Governor of the Island of St. Lucia, West Indies, a dependency of the British crown. On returning to England, Colonel Busteed sold out his commission, emigrated to Canada, and established a newspaper strongly democratic in principle, where his sons learned something of "the art preservative of arts." On removing to this city the son became a compositor in the *Commercial Advertiser* office, and soon afterward entered himself as a student in the law-office of the late Thomas Addis Emmett. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and soon secured a large practice. In September, 1856, he was appointed Counsel to the Corporation, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Lorenzo B. Shepard; and at the election following was elected to that office for the usual term of three years.



JUDGE BUSTEED OF ALABAMA.

At the outbreak of the rebellion he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. After serving for over a year he resigned, and was subsequently appointed to his present office.

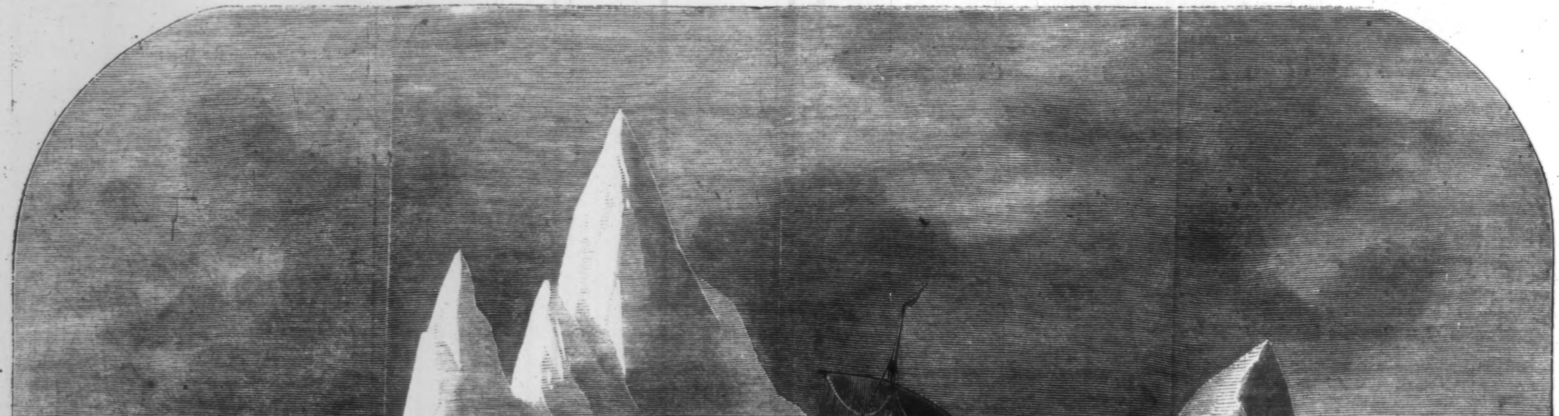
Very few lawyers in the country possess greater powers as an advocate. As a judge he has made himself acceptable to the people and bar of Alabama, and his published charges to grand juries exhibit a high degree of legal acumen and strong practical sense.

AMIDST THE ICE AGAIN.

It is encouraging to know that just on the eve of the sailing of the several exploration fleets of England, France, and Prussia, in search of an Open Polar Sea, some important discoveries have been made in the same direction by American whalers. These discoveries have been less of an open sea than of a new polar continent; but they are important steps in Arctic exploration, and add considerably to the world's geographical knowledge as well as to the world's known surface.

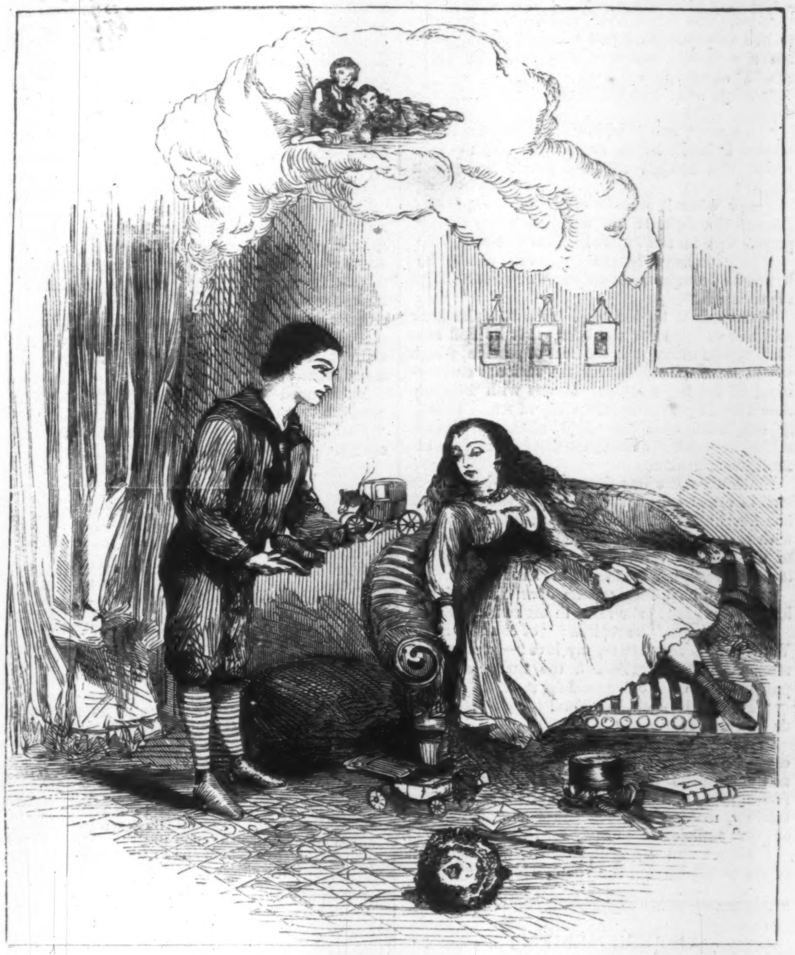
The existence of the land lately discovered has been surmised for forty years or more, and was originally announced by Baron Wrangell, a famous Russian explorer. He, however, never saw it, but learned of its existence from the Siberian Indians. It was first actually seen on August 14, 1867, from the bark *Nile*, and subsequently that vessel sailed for one hundred miles along its exposed coast. The land lies almost within sight of the northern shore of the most eastern province of Siberia, but is almost unapproachable. The southeastern cape of the new territory is in north latitude 71° 10′, and west longitude 176° 46′. The southwestern cape is in north latitude 70° 50′, and west longitude 178° 15′. From these points and this southern coast it stretches indefinitely northward. This land could be distinctly seen in August last from the *Nile*. Along the south coast it looked quite elevated, and near the centre has an extinct crater cone, which is estimated to be 2480 feet high. This coast appears to be nearly straight, with high, rugged cliffs, and entirely barren. The northeast coast appears to run from the southeast cape in a northwesterly direction for about fifteen or twenty miles, and then turns to the north and northeast. Captain Bliven traced it much further north, and has seen others who traced it to north of latitude 72°. There is no doubt that it extends much further to the north, and that there is another island to the east of it. The Captain of the *Nile* named it Wrangell's Land, after the noted Russian explorer. The west point he named Cape Thomas, after the seaman on his ship who discovered it, and the southeast point Cape Hawaii, after the port from which he had last sailed.

Our engraving on this page shows a vessel amidst the ice of the Arctic Ocean, and illustrates one of the many dangers to which whalers in extreme northern latitudes are frequently subjected. Numberless are the ships which have been destroyed by the immense icebergs which form in the Arctic Ocean and float occasionally southward until they dissolve under the rays of our summer suns. The vessel in our illustration appears to have just escaped from being crushed between two large mountains of ice which were bearing down upon it.



AMIDST THE ICE—A VESSEL ESCAPING FROM ICEBERGS.

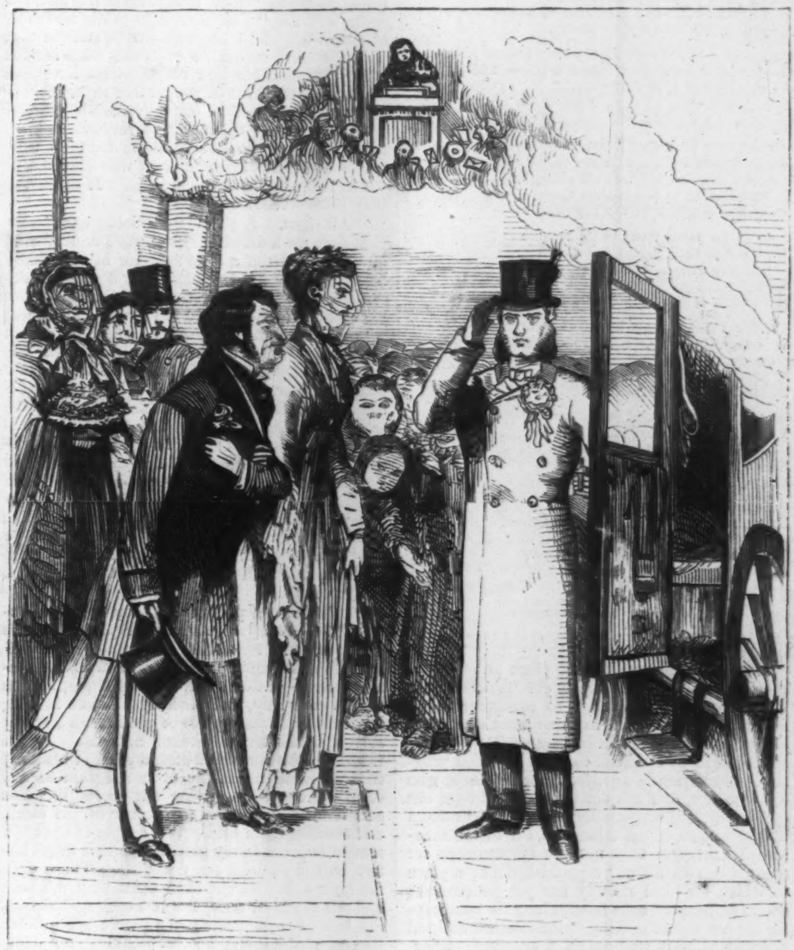
THE ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET OF LIFE.



A. B. C!

PRETTY, and only playing!
  Playing; yet as you bend
The twig, so runs the saying,
The tree will grow. Worth weighing,
  That bent—its aim—its end!

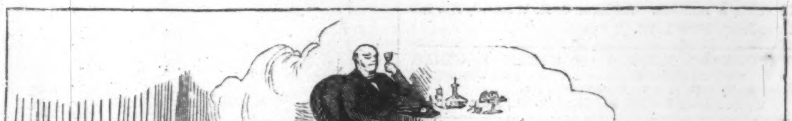
Feed every whim. No measure
  To selfish thoughts—Ah me!
Why poison life with pleasure?
Why waste the young hearts' treasure!
  Why?—This is **A. B. C.**



L. S. D!

Alas! that youth entices
  Such things as these—yet gold
Will blind the world, and vices,
Like maidens, name their prices—
  While truth is bought and sold.

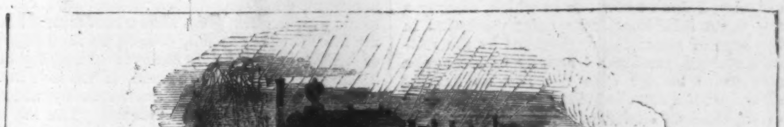
Happier those around her;
  Happier—they are free!
For a golden snake has bound her,
In its fatal coil has wound her—
  Cursed, venomed, **L. S. D.**



I. O. U!

Ruin, that's all—to-morrow,
  Ruin? God help them then!
To starve, to beg, to borrow,
Their lot? Well, wherefore sorrow—
  Are *we* not gentlemen?

What "fraud and theft?" oh! no, Sir,
  Such charges are not true!
A duty, you must know, Sir,
That to ourselves we owe, Sir,
  But laugh at **I. O. U.**



R. I. P!

Tears, loving tears, have started
  From every eye; be still—
For we are broken-hearted,
We miss the dear departed,
  God bless him!—Where's his Will?

What! nothing? Not a penny!
  The miser!—Hush! you see
He cuts up well for many—
Who cares? I've not got any—
  Ah who! Well—**R. I. P.**

THE SINGER'S PLACE.

You would pass it among the rest,
Curious world, as you haste along,
The tiny, secret joy possessed,
The heart of life and the fount of song,
Kept securely above your wrong.

Safe as a bird's nest high in a tree,
On the outermost twig, where it bends and swings,
Out of reach if any one see,
And safe for the dweller, without his wings,
Because the lightest and smallest of things.

They may look and listen underneath,
When leaves are thick in the festal June,
And think the old tree all abreath,
It trembles so in the stillest noon
With the overflow of the raptured tune,

As if the spirit were in its boughs
That keeps such joy in the air afloat;
The tiny singer in his great house
Swelling the while his tireless throat,
More than a bird's joy in the note.

For all that the glorious tree receives,
When spring her beautiful robe lets fall,
Crown of blossoms and wealth of leaves,
A pillar in earth's great banquet-hall,
There is only the robin's voice for all.

Sing, sing on, glad heart, sweet mouth!
The precious burthen is all for thee;
Wind of the west and wind of the south
Kiss the boughs of the happy tree
Where Joy is mated with Harmony,

Keeping its summers with music rife,
Its winters warm with the empty nest;
Through its flashing and waning life,
Still the home of the singing guest,
Blessed always above the rest.

Carl Spencer.

TERRIBLE TELEGRAMS.

I am of opinion that some place of residence should be provided for quiet, old-fashioned people who find it impossible to accustom themselves to the rapid and to them most obnoxious changes (misnamed "improvements") which are supposed to be essential to what is called progress. Such people as myself, for instance, who can not run, and are equally unable to get out of the way, are continually being knocked down by the wheels of the triumphal car of the nineteenth century. Can not the Government set apart a suburb for our especial benefit; a place to which no local railway has yet penetrated; where no hansom cabs linger along the roadways for the purpose of making furious dashes at timid pedestrians who venture on a crossing; where clean and genteel flys may be hired of a civil stable-keeper; and a couple of sedan chairs, retained for ordinary evening visitations in the next street, to be carried by the carpet-beater and general odd-man and messenger, assisted by the son of the small-coal man or the green-grocer? It may be replied that there are suburbs already in existence where such a condition of things might easily be inaugurated—suburbs, or, at all events, adjacent though outlying country places, where there are as yet no railway stations. I can only say, I don't know one in which, directly a few select inhabitants take quiet possession in the hope of remaining undisturbed by the restless, soulless, mechanical activity of the age, a speculative builder does not run up hideous streets of semi-detached villas, and form a colony of stockbrokers' clerks and aspiring tradespeople, who leave their shops behind daily at five o'clock. The consequence is, that to take these people to town every morning there is an omnibus competition which entirely excludes the original residents from all the inside seats; and, finally, a branch railway and a wretched, horribly new stone-and-stucco station disfigure the place; the best walks are cut up and spoiled; the streets are infested with hordes of navigators, who demoralize the laboring population and increase the number of the beer-shops, and we are all scared by day and kept sleepless by night by the scream and rattle of the trains. The whole scandalous proceeding is consummated by the arrival of a telegraphic apparatus and the newspapers; nasty, closely-printed, unwieldy, great broadsheets, from which, if any body ventures to read them—and it is what I never could bring my mind to do—the ink all comes off upon one's gloves and soils one's muslin dress. It is to the telegrams that I personally have the greatest aversion, however; not that there is any objection whatever to the curious discovery of the powers of electricity. The wonders of science, as exhibited at the Polytechnic, where I make a point of going twice a year, have ever been a source of gratification to me; and I would have them made useful in the instruction of youth at half-price; but nothing now is too high or too sacred for trade; or, as those who are ashamed to call it by its right name say, "for the advancement of commercial interests." Of all the modern inventions which have served to overthrow sentiment among us, to abolish refinement, and to use the results of a high material civilization for the purpose of establishing a mental and spiritual barbarism, I regard the Electric Telegraph as the worst. Telegrams (the very word is, I am told, a barbarous and illiterate jargon) are illustrative of what is called modern progress—of the progress which leaves every thing best worth having behind, and for the sake of living faster, enjoys nothing. If they have not almost abolished writing, they have at least nearly put an end to epistolary correspondence. We get no letters now; only brief, uninteresting, and frequently ungrammatical communications, scrawled illegibly on a tiny scrap of flimsy tissue note-paper. Who ever receives a good, honest, earnest letter nowadays?—a letter which the writer has sat down to as to a labor of love, and warming with the task, has extended over a fair sheet of gilt-edged post, *and then crossed?* In a few more years there will be nobody left who keeps packets of letters tied up with ribbon in secret nooks and drawers of their desks and bureaus. There will be no desks and bureaus, perhaps; no letters certainly; it will all be done by telegram, and an invitation will be sent an hour before dinner-time, with just "4.30 sharp" upon it; and the reply will be, "Yes, thanks." This, however, is sarcasm. It ill becomes me to satirize that which should rather be regarded with serious grief; for consider how much letters have had to do with the lives of people like myself: how almost every epoch in our quiet existences has been marked by epistolary correspondence. I never received but two of those dreadful telegrams in my life, and one them was delivered to me in mistake for somebody else. It contained only these words:

"All right. A girl. Both doing well."

It gave me a dreadful shock, for I remembered how the advent of a little stranger in our family had always been accompanied by a series of observances which indicated that an immortal being had been ushered into the world. There was first a white kid glove on the knocker, then a cushion stuck with pins of welcome, next the solemn whispering reception of visitors by the young mother, who sat up in a lace cap and a large white shawl; and of half-crowns by the nurse, who assiduously produced light refreshments on the occasion; then there was the christening, with white favors and a quiet party; and a silver mug, a papboat, a coral and bells from godfathers and godmothers. All these ceremonies were the occasion of letters which kept alive family affection, and made life something more than a mere passing reminder, and time worth a better record than the mere memorandum of a railway clerk.

Letters were a part of the observances of society in those days. There were proper seasons and occasions for them, quite independent of any thing happening which required to be communicated—at Christmas-tide especially, and on New-Year's Day, and birthdays, and on hearing incidentally of some piece of good fortune or any sorrow which had overtaken a friend. I hope we have not yet reached such a pitch of brutality that we could communicate by telegram on any of these occasions, giving our secret thoughts and tender sympathies to the ear of the clerk, and sending them briefly in a couple of lines. I remember even in my school-days how much letters had to do with our daily life. There were the letters that we got from home with the cake and the parcel of fruit, the new writing-desk and the box of toys. Then there were the holiday letters, written just before breaking-up days, wherein we were supposed to write the sentiments of our hearts by beginning "My dear Parents," and declaring our hope that we should "ever be mindful of the constant love and care" bestowed upon us by our dear friends, and "of the inestimable advantages to be derived from the pursuit of those studies to which we were directed by those to whom the care of our education was intrusted." How well I remember the old formula! I have some of my own letters in my desk now, along with those others—those mournful, deep-black-bordered ones that came to me with the first great sorrow that almost laid my life low; but which, coming as messengers of terrible intelligence, had yet something of healing in their wings, because of the love and compassion that dwelt in the words by which that awful message was conveyed. The ink is all brown and faded now, but the remembrance of the sorrow lives, the remembrance of the sorrow and of the tenderness, both of which can be recalled, as it were, in their first freshness by a glance at those blurred and paling characters.

I don't know why I should have grown so garrulous, even though I have lived to be an old maid. Yes, I have none of those other letters in my secretary—letters that tell of the heart's devotion, and of which some of my friends have received so many, and have allowed me to participate in their joy, not always lasting. I might have had, but it was not to be. There came to me one day a black-bordered messenger instead of a white-winged dove, and the page that might have been opened in my book of life was closed forever. I will not think of that now; not that the thought gives me pain. But I have gone quite away from the subject of telegrams. I said I had only received two. The second was from my dear niece Bertha. Her parents live in the country, and I have ever tried to act to her as though she had been my own daughter. She is a fiery, imperious creature, for she was a spoiled child always, and very, very beautiful, *I* think. So William thought; for she no sooner left school than he wanted to marry her, and married they were before she was twenty years old. I thought it would have been better for her to have had some household or domestic training first; but that, it appears, has gone out of fashion too. At all events, as her future husband had a good business in the City, they obtained her parents' consent; and my only fear was that her passionate temper might be a trouble to her. Fortunately William was one of the best of men—slow, but with an amiability that nothing could ruffle, and a fine constitution. They were a handsome couple, and I gave them all my old silver tea-service, and the best spoons, for a wedding-present.

They have been married now very little above six months, and I have more than once had occasion to warn Bertha not to give way to her temper, or to try her husband's affection too far. Judge, then, of my surprise, my almost horror, when, the day before yesterday, I received a "telegram" from Bertha, saying no more than—"Dear Aunty, come to me at once; I am so miserable."

You might have knocked me down with a feather; but I sent Hannah for a fly—she brought a cab, and it was full of muddy straw, and somebody had been smoking tobacco inside it—and drove off to Barbarossa-villas at once. What could have happened? When I got in Bertha flew into my arms and became hysterical.

"What—what is the matter, child?" I exclaimed. "Nothing between you and William, I solemnly hope and trust?"

"I—I was very wicked, and behaved so badly to him this morning; and I deserve it all, and I am a wretch. But oh: how could he be so cruel?" she sobbed.

"Why, what has he done?" said I, in dismay.

"He went away without a word, or, at all events, I didn't listen, for I went into my own room, and banged the door; but look—look there!"

I saw what it was—a telegram. Oh, how I loathed the sight of the wretched scrap of blue paper, with its red letters! This was it:

"It is too heavy for me. I can not come; but it will be brought home to you, and you will have to pay for it."

What was to be done? I tried to cheer her; told her to hope for the best; that he had sent that hateful message in the heat of passion, which would have subsided over the rational employment of writing a letter. It was with difficulty that I could get her to take a cup of tea. Wearily the hours went on—eight, nine, ten, eleven, midnight—and she sat there dumb, weeping, almost heart-broken.

Suddenly there was the sound of a key in the lock of the street-door, a foot upon the stair, and her husband burst into the room. He looked with surprised inquiring glances from one of us to the other. With a great cry Bertha sprang into his arms, her face upon his shoulder.

"So you have forgiven me, dear William! you have come back!" she said, in broken accents.

"Come back!" he replied; "of course I have. What ever is the matter, my love?—you got my message, didn't you?—and the turkey's in the passage, I see. You've paid for it, haven't you?"

"Paid for it!—oh, William! Yes! no—what do you mean?"

"Please, ma'am," said the servant-girl, who came in at that moment, "I wished to tell you as the man that have brought the turkey he's my fust-cousin, and I asked him to step into the kitchen, ma'am, till sech times as you was recovered sufficient for to pay for it."

"I'll go and see to it," said I, and went out of the room, leaving the young couple together.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW VOLUME.—Look out for the January Pictorial double number of the ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with portraits of Kings, Queens, and Emperors; also of Patrick Henry, Edward Everett, F. W. Robertson, and others: including "Signs of Character;" Races of Men; Science of the Soul; Social Relations, Love, Courtship, and Marriage; Education and Self-Improvement; Choice of Pursuits, with other matters all ought to know, to be found in no other publication. Only $3 a year, or 30 cents a number. Address S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

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New York, Dec. 14, 1867.

In my Card of November 1, 1865, I stated that "*for the purpose of more fully supplying the wants of the public, and in order to prevent unscrupulous dealers from palming off inferior and worthless goods as the Morton Gold Pens, I shall hereafter sell no goods at wholesale except only to duly appointed and authorized Agents,*" &c. To this plan I have since strictly adhered.

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A SINGLE ONE WILL LAST A LIFETIME.
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GREATER UNIFORMITY IS OBTAINED,
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GREATER UNIFORMITY IS OBTAINED,
EASE, ELEGANCE, and BEAUTY are ACQUIRED,
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ECONOMY, PLEASURE, and PROFIT CONSULTED.
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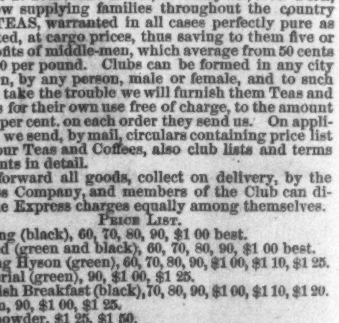

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Imperial (green), 90, $1 00, $1 25.
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